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THE VILLAGE OF PALACES;

OR,

CHRONICLES OF CHELSEA.

—

VOL. I.

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THE VILLAGE OF PALACES;

OR,

CHRONICLES OF CHELSEA.

BY THE

REV. A. G. L'ESTRANGE,

AUTHOR OF

"THE LIFE OF THE REV. W. HARNESS,"
"FROM THE THAMES TO THE TAMAR,"
&c. &c.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
HURST AND BLACKETT, PUBLISHERS,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1880.

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TO

THE RT. HON. GEORGE HENRY

EARL CADOGAN

LORD OF THE MANOR OF CHELSEA

THESE VOLUMES

ARE

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Dedicated.

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PREFACE.

MY thanks are especially due to Major-General Hutt for having assisted me with materials during the progress of this Work. I also desire to acknowledge the kindness of Mr. T. Burne, Dr. Semple, and those inhabitants of Chelsea whom I have had occasion to consult. They have afforded me whatever information they possessed in a manner that will always be gratefully remembered.

A. G. L'E.

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THE VILLAGE OF PALACES;

OR,

CHRONICLES OF CHELSEA.

CHAPTER I.

Early History—Grant to Westminster Abbey—Attraction to the West End—From London to Chelsea—Origin of the Celebrity of this District—More's Residence.

THERE was, we are told, a distant time, when this Chelsea[1] (so named from its pebbly strand), was partly marsh, and partly jungle, the haunt of the wild ox, and of the red deer with huge antlers. Under the rule of the Saxons it was intersected and

[1] From *chesel*, gravel, and *ea*, a strand or bank. It was also called Cealchylle; the streams caused the district to be full of gravel.

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surrounded by watercourses, and so thinly populated, that in marking out Middlesex as a shire, they made it the largest hundred.

When the Governor of Edward the Confessor's Palace granted it to the Abbot and fraternity of the "Minster of the West," the buildings upon it consisted of only half a dozen huts, inhabited by villains and miserable slaves.[1] The greater part of the future "soil of St. Peter" was then still a marsh, and partly covered with woods, adjoining those of Kyngesbyrig (Knightsbridge), where also the Abbot had a claim to every third tree and horse-load of fruit. The brethren following the good patriarchal precedent signalized their acquisition, and made the first step towards cultivation by planting a vineyard.[2]

[1] The Anglo-Saxons made all they conquered slaves. They were sold in open market, and sometimes a king was bought for a blanket, and a lot of boys was exchanged for a fine girl. Bondsmen wore iron collars round their necks.

[2] There was one in Kensington nearly coeval with that

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The small value of the manor in those early times may be conceived from the fact that Gervace, Abbot of Westminster, natural son of King Stephen, gave it to his mother and her heirs for an annual payment of four pounds a year. In 1368, Robert de Heyle, a devotee, leased for his life the whole of the manor of Chelsith, except Westbourne and Kingsholt to the Abbot and Convent of Westminster on the conditions that he was to have a certain house within the Convent, was to be paid twenty pounds a year, and daily provided with two white loaves, two flagons of convent ale, and once a year with a robe of Esquire's Silk. The manor was then valued at twenty-five pounds six shillings and six-pence.[1]

The Abbey of St. Peter was probably first established in its somewhat inaccessi-

above mentioned, and the wretched wine manufactured in it, as late as the middle of the last century, was considered by the people in the neighbourhood to be like Burgundy.

[1] Before the time of the Dissolution, the Abbey had parted with all its lands in Chelsea.

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ble locality to reclaim the land, but it soon began to exercise an important influence in drawing rank and fashion towards the west. The bishops, then great potentates, wished to have their town residences near the royal minster, and so we find that the first riverside mansions outside Temple Bar were those of the Bishops of Bath, Exeter, and Durham. Storer, writing of Wolsey, in 1599, speaks of the Strand,

> "Where fruitful Thames salutes the learned shore,
> Was this grave prelate and the Muses placed."

The example set by the bishops was followed by the lay aristocracy. We read of the episcopal residences of Lichfield, Coventry, Worcester, and Llandaff having been removed to make room for the mansion of the Protector Somerset, and in many cases the palaces themselves came to be occupied by temporal nobles.

But other attractions besides those of fashion were leading in the same direction, and finally established the pre-eminence

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of the west end. In England, the western skies shine always the brightest, and their charms would be especially felt in the neighbourhood of a many-chimneyed town. The prevailing wind was from the west, and the river flowing from the same direction would cause a great difference in the purity of the water above and below London. In those times it was thought most desirable to dwell on the banks of a river, for before the reign of Henry VIII., the roads being in a miserable condition, and carriages unknown, communication by boat was a great object. The advantages of easily obtaining water and fish[1] were also inducements, and the current of the stream kept the air in fresh and salubrious circulation.

To realize the general aspect of the neighbourhood at the time of which we are about to treat, we will suppose ourselves starting from London to pay a visit of congratulation to Sir Thomas More, who has just been

[1] The Thames was then "fluvius maximus piscosus."

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appointed Chancellor. London was then surrounded by an embattled wall and moat, and we leave the city at Lud gate, passing under the gate-house crowned with twin towers, and over the drawbridge. Immediately afterwards we cross another bridge over the Fleet stream, and proceed through a street of "timber-crossed antiquity," with many-gabled houses and overhanging storeys. St. Clement's Danes stands on its present site; and a little in front of it is the May-pole—a permanent fixture, as it generally was in the old towns of "merrie England." Before us lie the palaces built by the Knights Templars, but already occupied by law students; while Temple Bar, marking the boundary of the liberty of London, is merely a swing beam. Passing over a bridge across a streamlet (where Wellington Street now runs) we find on the north a hedgerow and the open country, while on the south stand successively the episcopal residences of Carlisle, Durham, and Norwich—the two latter forming large

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quadrangles. The site where Northumberland House is to rise, is occupied by the Convent of St. Mary of Rounceval; and a large stone cross, instead of a statue, rises at Charing. Here, looking to the south, we see the stately buildings of York Place, and muse perhaps on the instability of human fortune, for Wolsey has just been dismissed from his palace, and fallen "never to rise again." Beyond is the Abbey of Westminster, but without its towers, while to the north, on the site of Trafalgar Square, we see a long line of low buildings—the royal mews, where the King's falcons are kept. Proceeding onwards, we find a swampy field instead of St. James's Park; and in place of a royal palace, St. James's Hospital—the abode of fourteen leprous women, and eight brethren to pray for them. The site of Belgravia is in the same marshy condition. (At the present day the district can be remembered by some of our nonogenarians, as a place to which sportsmen resorted to shoot snipe, and

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basket-workers to cut osiers.) This low ground, the Five Fields, terminates towards the river in large creeks, which commence where the Victoria Station is to stand. As we pass along these sheets of water,[1] we shall be fortunate if we have chosen an early hour, for these fields are favourite haunts of footpads after dark, and, from their lonèliness, have been often selected for what are called "affairs of honour." Steele going over with a friend "to dine in the air" of Chelsea makes it an excuse to his wife for "lying" there, that he was afraid to traverse this district at night. So little was there to obstruct the view over it in Colley Cibber's time, that he makes Simple say that, "he got a stomach and lost it again as often as a man shall get and lose the sight of St. Paul's in a walk to Chelsea." No doubt the cathedral was to be seen from every point, and we can on our walk obtain, as often as we wish, a view of the city, and its tall spire.

[1] Now represented by the canal.

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We now reach the site of the terrace, afterwards called Wilderness Row, and when we cross the rivulet into Chelsea, we do not find a labyrinth of narrow streets, noisy with squalid children; nor, as we approach the river do the lofty walls of the Royal Hospital rise before us. Instead of these we find a solitary cross, before which a pilgrim to the Abbey is kneeling, and beyond, the tower of a small church, rising above a dozen thatched cottages, which, with two or three low mansions, alone break the solitude of the scene.

The appearance of the natural boundaries of this district has been greatly altered by the gradual obliteration of the water-courses. That to the east, of which we have just spoken, was the Kil or Cold-bourne, or West-bourne, which, rising near the west end of Hampstead, passed through the village to which it gave name—soon after threw off the Tye-bourne,[1] a more easterly brook, at the

[1] The Tye-bourne is supposed to have taken its name from its being a twin stream with the Kil-bourne.

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village so called, and passed through what is now Tyburnia and Hyde Park. In the latter ground it spread out into several ponds, until Queen Caroline, who had a taste for landscape gardening, made them into the Serpentine.[1] It emerged at the east end, where a stream can still be seen winding along beneath banks of evergreens. Then crossing the high road under a bridge—Knightsbridge—it made its way down by where Lowndes Square now stands, at the back of Cadogan Place. Passing under Bloody Bridge,[2] just at the west end of Eaton Square, and thence under Stone Bridge, it flowed where there is now a passage between the "Nell Gwynne" and the Chelsea barracks, joining the river

[1] So called from its curved form. The rivulet was afterwards cut off, and the lake supplied from the celebrated Chelsea water-works, which had a reservoir with trees round it in Hyde Park, where there is now a circular sunk garden and statue, near Park Lane.

[2] Corrupted from Blandel Bridge, on account of the outrages committed in the neighbourhood. Knightsbridge is said to have been so called for similar reasons.

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in front of the Hospital.[1] None of these bridges are now remaining; the stream which once purled along, overshaded by a line of trees, now lies deep buried in a drain, and falls eventually into the low level sewer, which runs along the north bank of the Thames. Its former course still divides Chelsea parish from St. George's. We have little proof that there was before Henry VIII.'s reign, any large house at Chelsea, except the Manor House, unless it be our finding that the first Earl of Sussex, the Lord Chamberlain, died at his place at Chelsea in 1542. It is difficult to determine to what extent the

[1] It sometimes caused a flood in Chelsea and the boys used to call it the "rapid Rhone." Latterly it became little more than an open sewer, and a vehicle for dead cats and dogs. It flowed down where there is now a passage between the "Nell Gwynne" and the barracks. The name remains in Westbourne Street, a little to the east. In the central part of Chelsea, to the north of St. Luke's Church, Pond Place, and Pond Terrace, there extended, thirty years ago, a common containing a large piece of water covering four or five acres, on the site of which stand the model lodging-houses.

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owners of the manor actually resided on it, and how often they let the house, of which they evidently sometimes granted leases. We find the manor in possession of Dameta soon after the death of King Stephen; of the heirs of one Thomas de septem Fontibus in 1315, whence by marriage it came to Robert de Heyle in 1368; in 1369 the Earl of Warwick dated his will at Chelsea, and possibly soon afterwards the Laurence family came into possession, as their name has been given to a chapel built to the church in the fourteenth century.[1] Simon Bayle was lessee of this house in 1455, and Richard III. granted some house here to the widow of the Duke of Norfolk. In 1491 the Marquis of Berkeley had a residence here, and not long afterwards the manor belonged to Sir Reginald Bray, one of the ministers of Henry VII.[2] We might conclude from these

[1] The name survives in Laurence Street. There is nothing there now to bespeak great age, but the vaulted passage into Augusta Court is old.

[2] Sir Reginald Bray provided a large sum of money to

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records that there were several houses at Chelsea, but suburban residences change their tenants frequently, and any large houses standing in the time of Sir Thomas More would probably have been mentioned.

But however this may be, we can safely maintain that More laid the foundation of Chelsea's prosperity. If he were not the first London magnate who built a mansion there, he certainly was the first who drew attention to the advantages of the place. For him, no doubt, it had exceptional attractions, having on one side Westminster Abbey, and on the other side the ancient residence

help the Earl of Richmond. He was present at the battle of Bosworth Field, and found in a thorn-bush Richard's crown, which was placed on the head of the new king. Some say that his father had been a physician, but we find that he was a Privy Councillor to Henry VI. The son was appointed a Privy Councillor to Henry VII., on his accession, and his sense of justice is said to have been so strong, that he would even reprove royalty. His taste for architecture may be seen in Henry VII.'s Chapel in Westminster Abbey, and in St. George's Chapel, at Windsor.

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of the Bishop of London. More was familiar with Fulham Palace, and saw the old quadrangle as it still exists, for it had been lately built in the reign of Henry VII.

The house of More was a few hundred yards west of the church, and although so many eminent men once trod its floors, we gain our best information about it from one who was never there. "It was not mean," says Erasmus, "nor invidiously grand, but comfortable." We may suppose we see before us a new brick building, with one storey above the ground-floor, and many mullioned windows. We proceed beneath the Tudor archway into the hall, flagged with large stones, and our attention is soon attracted by some of the pets of the family—for More kept a collection of monkeys, foxes, ferrets, weasels, and many kinds of birds, and was continually purchasing foreign animals. In this his taste was similar to that of earlier times, when some of the feudal castles almost resembled menageries. Entering the rooms, we find

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them strewn with rushes, and lined with oak panelling and tapestry. Around stand buffets and shelves adorned with flowers in pots and vases, with silver-gilt tankards,[1] ornamental jugs, bottles and stands, and a supply of silver-mounted oaken ware. Of the last kind was the pint cup out of which More generally drank, and which is still preserved by Mr. Eyston of East Hendred. His clock is also still in existence.[2]

We soon become aware that the occupants of the house fully appreciate literature and art. Books abound on all sides—some of them in handsome bindings—musical instruments, such as the lute and viol, hang upon the walls, and small pictures, some of

[1] Some of them, no doubt, presents, although More generally refused gifts from suitors. When he accepted them, he gave an equivalent.

[2] Until lately it was in the possession of the well-known Mr. Waterton, of Walton Hall, who traced his descent from More. It is a small clock, with one hand, and worked by weights, but the sound of its bell is so clear that it can be heard some distance outside the house.

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them portraits by Holbein, add to the adornment of the dwelling.

It is not improbable that we should have seen here the large family picture, at present at Nostell Priory, in Yorkshire, by which we become acquainted with the inhabitants of the house. In it we see the father, as well as the wife and children of More, and even Margaret Giggs, a poor relation who lived with them, and Paterson the jester.[1] More is not here in his Chancellor's robes, but wears the ordinary furred cloak of the times, and his wife and daughter have the close diamond-shaped caps then in fashion, not so pretty as those that afterwards took their name from Mary Stuart.

More seems to us, from his portraits, ascetic; and to have had the mien and manners of the humble-minded scholar, rather than those of the distinguished states-

[1] More's grandchildren lived with him; Thomas More, his grandson, afterwards representative of the family, was born at Chelsea.

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man. Erasmus, who loves to linger upon every detail connected with his friend, tells us that—"He was neither tall nor short, but well-proportioned, white-skinned, and pale, with hair of a yellowish-black or blackish-yellow, and with deeply-set eyes which have specks in them—indications of a happy disposition. His right shoulder seems a little higher than his left, especially when he walks, and his hands are slightly plebeian (subrusticæ) when compared with the rest of his person. His health is sound rather than robust, and his tendency is rather to mirthfulness than gravity, though he never approaches levity. He is a man likely to live a long time. Careless in his dress, he is not particular in his food. His drink has been water from his childhood, but lest he should be offensive to any, he deceives his friends by drinking beer out of a pewter pot, and that nearly water—sometimes nothing but water. When he has to take wine with anyone, he only puts the cup to his lips. He wears no silk or purple, or gold chains,

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and thinks studied manners effeminate." In the picture[1] we observe that More's hands are hidden, and that his face is closely shaven.[2]

More's house stood a little way back from the road, about midway between the river and what is now the King's Road. We find from his writings that he was very fond of gardens, and we know that he had

[1] It has been questioned whether Holbein ever painted a large picture of the family, although he undoubtedly made the sketch for Erasmus now at Basel. If a large picture of the family were ever executed by Holbein, it is improbable that it was lost, and the one at Nostell came from More's grandson, Roper. Probably Holbein did not exactly follow the outline he first drew for Erasmus; some alterations are indeed proposed on the Basel sketch, and the work may have been completed by an inferior hand. The engraving by Von Mechel, in 1794, is probably only an elaboration of this Basel sketch; that there was another picture from which it was taken must be very doubtful, especially to those who know how often details are changed by copyists.

[2] During his imprisonment he grew a long beard; he was never sorry to be saved trouble about his person, and thus unintentionally adopted the new fashion.

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one at Chelsea, in which he delighted to walk. It seems to have been at the back of his house, and though it would have appeared poor to us, was probably admired in his day, as he had opportunities of seeing the latest improvements in the grounds of the royal palaces. The first advance in gardening, as in other arts, was towards pedantry, the desire being then to obtain a contrast to the wild, uncultivated country, as it is now to have something different from our square fields and stiff boundary lines. We read that at Nonsuch there were fountains and pieces of sculpture, and hedges forming rounds and divisions. But in general, horticulture was then scarcely attempted, and gardeners were very seldom kept. More's garden may have been little more than a "pleasaunce," consisting of a greensward and some large trees; one of which—standing, perhaps, in the centre—he marked with a sacred name, and thought he put to a righteous use. There were probably a few shrubs, some lilacs, and a yew or juniper,

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and no doubt More's daughters did not forget to introduce some bright flowers.

Miss Manning, in her agreeable work, "The Household of Sir Thomas More," writes, "Erasmus[1] noted and admired the stone jar placed by Mercy Giggs on the table, full of blue and yellow irises, scarlet tiger-lilies, dog-roses, honeysuckle, moonwort, and herb-trinity."[2] And she is no doubt right in supposing that most of the flowers then cultivated were such as were indigenous to the country. Ellis Heywood, in a work he wrote in Italian, dedicated to Cardinal Pole, speaks of More's country retreat as "The beautiful and commodious residence to which, when fatigued with his occupation in the City, he returned for the refreshment and solace of retirement." He thus describes the garden :—

"The gentlemen of whom I have spoken,

[1] She is incorrect in making Erasmus a visitor at Chelsea.

[2] Pansy, or some say hepatica.

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being one day at dinner with Sir T. More, afterwards descended about two stones' throws into the garden, walked on a little lawn in the middle, and up a green hillock, where they halted to look round them. It was an enchanting spot, as well from the convenience of the situation—from one side almost all the noble City of London being visible, and from the other the lovely Thames, surrounded with green fields and wooded hills—as for its own beauty, being crowned with an almost perpetual verdure, and covered with lovely flowers and the sprays of fruit-trees so admirably placed and interwoven that, looking at them, they appeared like a veritable piece of living tapestry made by Nature herself—so much more noble than the works of art, as she gives fuller satisfaction than that imitation of beautiful things, which leaves the mind more dissatisfied than content."

Perhaps this description was from recollection, for Ellis Heywood had been at school in London, and his father, as we

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shall have occasion to notice,[1] was an intimate friend of More.

As we have no works on gardening for some years after this time, we can only find from incidental notices the names of the plants now cultivated. Among the flowers mentioned by Chaucer, is the red valerian (setwall or holie herbe), which, is now frequently found about colleges and upon the walls of ruined convents. Red and white roses were cultivated, the sweet cabbage rose, the white and orange lily, and probably the holyhock, which has a Saxon name, and seems to have been brought from the East in very early times. Several flowers, from their sweet scent, were called gilly-flowers, as the wall gilly-flower (wallflower), the castle gilly-flower (stock), and clove gilly-flower, "sops in wine" (clove pinks) Spencer's "coronation;" and others from their fragrance or purple hue were known as violets. To these we may add the anemone, lily of the valley, periwinkle,

[1] In the third Chapter.

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broom, star of Bethlehem, honesty (lunary), cuckoo-flower or Ragged Robin, blewblawe (bluebottle), and willow-flower. But our more showy garden treasures had not then arrived, and More would have been sorry they had, for they came with the heretical Flemish weavers to whom Elizabeth offered an asylum.

There seems to have been a separate orchard to the house, and we might have found in it not only apples and pears, but cherries, plums, medlars, peaches and apricots.[1] In the kitchen garden, vegetables would be few—not even a turnip or carrot; nor had he probably the means of making a salad, for Hume tells us that when Queen Katherine wanted one she had to send to Holland.[2]

Having thus endeavoured to give some idea of More's surroundings at Chelsea, we shall proceed to sketch his rise and his life in that locality.

[1] Nicolas' "Privy Purse Expenses of Henry VIII."

[2] In addition to his garden, More had a farm comprising about one hundred and thirty acres.

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CHAPTER II.

Ecclesiastical Associations of More—Liberal Sentiments in his "Utopia"—His Scrupulous Impartiality—Home Life—He builds an Oratory at Chelsea—Persecutes Protestants—Punishments inflicted in his house at Chelsea—Refuses to acknowledge the King's Divorce—His Imprisonment—Lady More's Expostulation—His Execution.

MORE was endowed, not only with a kindly disposition, but also with a strongly idealistic mind. He had no vanity or selfishness, no gravitation towards the earthly, but walked among men, "with a far look in his immortal eyes."[1] This

[1] There is a story that More's mother dreamed, just before he was born, that she saw in her ring that she was to have a son, whose face should shine gloriously. Wedding-rings, in those days, had inscriptions, or posies,

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turn of mind greatly increased the impression produced upon him by his early associations. When a boy, he was a page in the palace of Cardinal Morton, amid the magnificent surroundings of that learned and kindly patron. More speaks of him as a man "gentle in communication, yet earnest and sage," and says "that in his face did shine such an amiable reverence as was pleasant to behold." No doubt the page was also highly gratified by the commendations of the Cardinal, who was wont to say to his friends—"This child here waiting at the table, whosoever shall live to see it, will prove a marvellous man."[1]

Accordingly we find that as soon as young More began to think of selecting a course

on them. More presented one to Cranvilde's wife, which contained in Latin: "All things are measured by good will."

[1] It was usual then to place young men of position under some eminent prelate, and thus we find the sixth Duke of Northumberland, when a boy, serving as an attendant upon Cardinal Wolsey, in which capacity he became enamoured of Anne Boleyn.

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of life, his first desire was to become a Franciscan, and even when he had entered his father's profession, and been called to the bar, we find him retiring for four years to the neighbourhood of the Charterhouse, where he gave himself up to prayer and devotion. He now adopted certain religious habits, which he continued to the end of his life, wearing a hair shirt,[1] and passing a considerable portion of his time in devotional exercises. Had not marriage been forbidden to ecclesiastics, he would have become a monk or a priest. But his vivid imagination could not be confined to religion alone, and he considered "men might live for the next world, and be merry withal"

Such seem also to have been the views of Cardinal Morton, and although "joculatores" were discountenanced by the severer clergy, Morton entertained his Christmas company with plays. On these occasions

[1] The hair shirt which he wore in prison is now preserved as a relic in a convent at Spilsburg, near Blandford.

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young More would "Suddainlie sometimes step in amonge the players and never studyeing for the matter make a part of his owne theare presentlie amonge them, which made the lookers on more sport than all the players beside." Jesting was in favour at the Cardinal's house. Thus, we read of a man there, who aimed at being witty, and, though he generally only appeared foolish, sometimes hit the mark. The question being put to him what was to be done with the infirm poor, he said they should be made monks and nuns. At which the Cardinal smiled, but a friar who was present began to grow angry, and said if the poor were thus provided for, some other provision must be made for friars. To which the jester replied that they should, of course, be treated as vagabonds. The friar became incensed at this, and the Cardinal had to calm him down by reminding him it was only intended for a joke.

Meanwhile More indulged his humour by translating parts of Lucian, and the Greek

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poets, and writing Latin epigrams. Some idea of these may be gathered from the following specimens, but he says his attempts never pleased him—

"Flies in the loving cup a guest espied,
Removed them, drank, and then put back a few,
And, being questioned, sagely thus replied—
'I like them not—but cannot speak for you.'"

"Dismounting from his horse a courtier cried:
'Here, hold my horse, boy!' to which he replied,
'Will one, my lord, suffice for this wild steed?
I feel afraid!' 'Of more there is no need,
One can restrain him.' Quickly answered he,
'If one's sufficient, then you don't want me.'"

But More could not justly be accused of jocosity. His humour flowed from a versatile and ingenious mind, untrammelled by pride or ambition, and not from any exuberant hilarity. There was no bitterness in it, but much invention occasionally exhibited in punning, which was then much in vogue. Beatus Rhenanus says, "He seasons all things with such pleasant gaiety that I never saw anything more witty. I could believe that the Muses had brought

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together in him whatever is jocose, humorous and salient. But his wit never wounds, but is open, sweet, and anything but bitter. For he only jests inside his teeth."

Fuller writes :—" Some ground we have in England neither so light and loose as sand, nor so stiff and binding as clay, but a mixture of both, conceived the surest soil for profit and pleasure to grow together on : such was the soil of this Sir Thomas More in which facetiousness and judiciousness were excellently tempered together. Yet some have taxed him that he 'wore a feather in his cap, and wagged it too often,' meaning he was over free in his fancies and conceits."

More, in his youth, entered into most kinds of harmless pleasure. He played chess, was fond of the fragrance of sweet gums and spices, and loved music so well that he learned the viol. To his early life also belongs his sketch of Utopia,[1] and when

[1] Raphe Robinson, who translated the work into English in 1551, calls it "frutefull, pleasant, and wittie." It was also rendered into Italian, French, and Dutch.

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we consider the power of reflection and imagination evinced by it we can understand Dean Colet's saying that "there was but one wit in England, and that was young Thomas More." Utopia abounds in sentiments very far in advance of his century. Some of them are so free as to be almost communistic—to these, however, he only gives a qualified approval. Here we read—"How great and how idle a company is there of priests and religious men as they call them! —put thereto all rich men, specially landed men, which commonly be called gentlemen and noblemen."

In religion he was in favour of the marriage of priests, and of the widest tolerance. "The most and wiser part of the Utopians believe that there is a certain godly power, unknown, everlasting, incomprehensible, inexplicable, far above the capacity and reach of man's wit." They condemn a man to exile who says that those of other religions shall be eternally damned, and any that forces his creed upon another is to be banished or

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condemned to slavery. The man who denies the existence of God, or the immortality of the soul is to be excluded from all honours, and not to be allowed to disseminate his views, but is not to be punished because it is in no man's power to believe what he wishes. The people in Utopia despise gold; those who have been guilty of offences are compelled to wear gold chains and rings. The children wear diamonds and other precious stones, which they discard on coming to maturity.[1]

The following epigram, composed by More after his second marriage, seems significant:—

"Some man hath good,
But children hath he none;

[1] Among other matters he recommends wide streets, lofty houses, late dinners, cremation, and artificial incubation of eggs. He disapproves of capital punishment for theft, and is in favour of convict labour. When people were incurably ill, they should, at their desire, be put out of the world.

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Some man hath both,
Bnt he can get none health;
Some hath all three,
But up to honor's throne
Can he not creep by no manner of stealth.
To some she sendeth children,
Riches, wealth,
Honour, worship, and reverence all his life,
But yet she pincheth him
With a shrewd wife.
Be content
With such reward as fortune hath you sent."

Erasmus tells us that More was the first person who convinced him that high education in women was not only unobjectionable, but most desirable. He says that More's daughters understood not merely music and languages, but astronomy and logic. They could read Latin as easily as he could, and "if you should hear them playing skilfully on various instruments of music, or watch them poring over every kind of Latin or Greek author, like little busy bees, here noting something to copy, here culling some saying to be used as a maxim, here learning

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by heart some little story to repeat to their friends, you would say that they were Muses toying sweetly in the loveliest paths of Aonia, collecting flowerets and sweet marjoram to weave their chaplets." No doubt the example of More and his family had considerable influence in advancing the education of the ladies of the time. He says he wishes his daughters to walk through the pleasant meadows of modesty; that they never be enamoured of the glistening hue of gold and silver; that they think no better of themselves for all their earthly trimmings, nor any meaner for the want of them.

And again: "If any woman shall join many of the virtues of the mind with a little skill of learning, I shall account this more happiness than if she were to able to attain Crœsus' wealth, joined with the beauty of Helen."

It was when More became Chancellor of the Exchequer, in 1520, that he purchased a piece of land at Chelsea, and he finished building his house two or three years after-

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wards. We have already indicated some reasons which may have led to such a choice, and we may add that More seems to have been on familiar terms with various bishops, such as Clarke of Bath, Voysey of Exeter, and Stokesby of London—all of whom lived by the river side. It is surprising how aquatic the people were in those days—the boat took the place of the carriage. Many of More's interesting conversations took place upon the water, where alsc he sometimes studied books of polemical divinity.

More succeeded Wolsey as High Chancellor in 1529. The Cardinal had for some time been jealous of him, and the tone they adopted towards each other was very characteristic The Cardinal wanted a grant from Parliament, which More opposed. "I wish that you had been in Rome when I made you Speaker," said Wolsey angrily. "So do I," replied More gently, "for it is a place I have long wished to see." On another occasion the Cardinal said, "By the

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mass! thou art the veriest fool of the Council." "God be thanked!" returned More, "that the king hath only one fool therein."

More's rapid disposal of business in Court, led to the following epigram :—

> "When More some time had Chancellor been
> No more suits did remain,
> The same shall never more be seen
> Till More be there again."

He endeavoured in every way to lessen litigation, and allowed no subpæna to issue until a bill had been filed signed by the attorney, and read by himself.

A story is told that one day a Mr. Tubbe, having brought for his approval a statement of his client's cause, More perceiving it to be frivolous, instead of signing his name, wrote beneath it, "A Tale of" before the attorney's name, "A. Tubbe." His purity and impartiality were especially remarkable; and his son-in-law, Roper, complained jocosely to him that none of his friends or relations were the better for his being Chancellor, and

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that no fees could be obtained for private influence, as in Wolsey's time. He even decided a Chancery suit adversely to the claims of the husband of his second daughter, and he prided himself on never having asked the king for a penny. A Mistress Croker, a widow, sent him a present of a pair of gloves and £40 in angels, in consequence of his having decided a case in her favour; to which he replied, "Mistress since it were against good manners to forsake a gentlewoman's newe yeare's guift, I am content to take your gloves, but as for your monie, I utterlie refuse."

Such were his feelings with regard to justice that he said that though there was no one he loved more than his father, or hated more than the devil, still if there was a suit between them, and justice was on the devil's side, he should give judgment in his favour."[1]

[1] The force of this comparison will be better realized when we remember that More bore to his father so great affection and respect that whenever he passed through

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More was wont to say that we should not desire wealth, because, if we would have dispensed riches well, God would take the will for the deed, and that if we should have spent them badly, it would have been better that we had never had them. His disregard of his own interests, and of those of his family, seem to have not quite accorded with the sentiments of his second wife. He lived on the most happy terms with his children and with his first wife, whom he married out of consideration for her feelings, although he preferred her younger sister; and the want of sympathy of his latter partner did not destroy his affection for her, and in some antithetical Latin lines upon the tomb of his first wife, he expresses the tenderness of his feelings towards both. After saying, "I know not which is dearer of the two," he adds :—

Westminster Hall to his place in Chancery, if his father were sitting as judge in the Court of Queen's Bench, he would go to him, and, "reverently kneeling down in the sight of all, ask his blessing."

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"Oh! could religion and the fates agree,
Together happily might live the three!
The tomb shall join us, may we meet in heaven!
And thus by Death, what life denied, be given."

Perhaps his wives' ideas of heaven may have been different.

More never spoke harshly to his second wife, but would often turn aside her anger by some little pleasantry—sometimes calling her a "jolly maister woman," or joking her about being "penny wise and pound foolish." On her trying to kindle his ambition by saying, "My mother has often told me that it is better to rule than be ruled," he replied, "That is truly said, good wife, for I never found you yet willing to be ruled." In those days, music seems to have been considered a remedy for shrewishness.

"What, then, thou canst not break her to the lute?
Why, no—for she hath broke the lute on me."

With this before us, we are somewhat amused when Erasmus observes incidentally that More succeeded in inducing her

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to learn the lute and viol, and set her a music lesson every day.

But More's strong condemnation of all vanities would have sometimes tried the temper of more forbearing women than his Alice. He often stigmatized harmless follies as unpardonable wickedness, and when any one took pains in dressing to be fine, or in stroking up their hair to show their high foreheads, he would say that if God gave them not hell he should do them great injustice, as they took so much pains to please the world and the devil.

Although More's imaginative mind roved in youth among the fields of liberal speculation, his constitutional tendencies were always earnest and devotional. Age and retirement often strengthen convictions, especially such as are of a religious nature, and we shall find that More, as he advanced in life, became in some respects almost fanatical. That he might be the less interrupted in his religious exercises and meditations, he had at Chelsea constructed

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the "newe buildinge" a short distance from his house, containing a chapel, library, and gallery, and here he was wont to spend a portion of every day, and the whole of every Friday. He also used to assist in the service of the parish church. Here, we read, "The Duke of Norfolk coming on a time to Chelsey to dine with him, fortuned to finde him in the quier, with a surplis on his backe, singinge, to whome, after service, as they homeward came arme in arme, the Duke said, 'God's bodie! God's bodie! my Lord Chancellor, what a parishe clerke, a parishe clerke! You dishonour the kinge and his office." "Naie," quoth Sir Thomas More, smilinge on the Duke, "your Grace may not think that the kinge, your master and mine, will with me for serving God his master be offended, or thearbie account his office dishonoured."

We may observe that there is less incongruity in such conduct on the part of More, inasmuch as up to this time the Chancellorship had generally been held by ecclesiastics.

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But there are many proofs that he carried his religious enthusiasm too far. Not only did he continue to wear his shirt of hair under his Chancellor's robes, but he fasted, and often in secret scourged himself with whips of knotted cord.

Unfortunately in religion, indifference is often the source of liberality, and earnestness frequently begets intolerance. Thus More gradually began to think the maintenance of the Roman creed of vital importance, both for morality and salvation, and in that rude age pious and learned men, whether Romanists or Protestants, were ready to endure or inflict anything in defence of doctrines on which they thoroughly believed eternal happiness or misery depended. Emotional feeling occasionally warps judgment, otherwise a man who set such a high value upon impartiality would have hesitated to make calumnious statements; in some cases—as in that of Bilney—he may have been misled.

It was More's duty, as Chancellor, to

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suppress heresy, but his zeal in the cause seems to have sometimes betrayed him into overstepping his legal rights.[1]

After all we have heard of More's pleasant country home at Chelsea, it must give us a slight revulsion to learn that he had often here men lying in the stocks in his porter's lodge, and that he had a tree in his pleasure grounds, which he christened "Jesus' tree," or the "Tree of Troth," because he was wont to flog heretics at it.

He was greatly against the dissemination of the Scriptures in English, but the reason then was, that they were circulated in support of books against the church. Sometimes he even made domiciliary visits to search for such works.

When Tyndale printed the New Testament in 1526, and sent it over here, Tunstall, and Sir T. More bought up almost

[1] For instance, he kept one John Field eighteen days in prison at Chelsea, whereas he was only entitled to keep him ten. But More often seems to have hoped to induce people to change their views.

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the whole impression, and burnt it at Paul's Cross. Soon afterwards Tyndale printed a second edition, and sent the books privately to his brother John Tyndale, and Thomas Patmore, merchants, and to another young man, who disseminated them. They were for this adjudged in the Star Chamber by Sir Thomas Moore, to ride with their faces to the horse's tail, having papers on their heads, and the New Testament and other books which they dispersed, to be fastened thick about them, pinned or tacked to their garments or cloaks, and at the Standard in the Cheap, themselves to throw them into a fire made for that purpose, and then to be fined at the King's pleasure. The imposition was eighteen thousand eight hundred and forty pounds.[1]

Speaking of Erasmus, of whose wit and

[1] Tunstall bought up the copies of Tyndale's translation of the Scriptures. It is said that More offered to pardon a heretic if he would tell him who supported Tyndale. "The Bishop of London, by buying his works," was the reply. More smiled, and said he believed it.

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learning he had the greatest appreciation, he wrote, "If my darling Erasmus has translated those places with the like wicked intent that Tyndale hath done, he shall be no more my darling, but the devil's darling."

More, when Chancellor, would sometimes go in person with the Lieutenant of the Tower to apprehend such as he suspected to favour the Reformers, and search their houses for New Testaments and other books. An instance of this occurred notably in the case of one Petit, a burgess of the city, and free of the grocers. More called upon him, and followed his wife into his chamber, where he searched for proscribed books, and then, though not finding any, committed the man to prison.[1]

Fox tells us that John Tewkesbury, leatherseller of London, had been converted by reading "The Wicked Mammon." He was accused of holding the doctrines con-

[1] Strype.

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tained in it, and said he maintained Justification by Faith, and that a man should do good works for the love of God only, and not for reward. The first examination of Tewkesbury before Tunstall and other prelates was in 1529, and after a week's disputation he was sent from the Lollards' Tower at Lambeth Palace to Sir Thomas More, the Lord Chancellor, at Chelsea to see whether he could turn him; and there he lay in the porter's lodge, hand, foot, and head in the stocks six days—then he was carried to Jesus' tree in More's privy garden where he was whipped, and also twisted in his brows with small ropes that the blood started out of his eyes. After this he was sent to be racked in the Tower till he promised to recant. He was sentenced to carry a faggot in procession to St. Paul's Church, and to stand at Paul's Cross with it—also to carry it about different parts of London, and have two signs of faggots embroidered on his sleeves to be worn all

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his life-time. He was also placed under limitations as to his place of abode. Afterwards he seems again to have professed his former opinions, and to have said that he abjured under compulsion, and he was again brought before Sir T. More and the Bishop of London. He had removed the emblematic faggots from his sleeves, and again read the obnoxious books, "The Obedience of a Christian Man," and "The Wicked Mammon." He denied Purgatory and Transubstantiation. Two years afterwards he was again brought up, and "Sentence definitive against John Tewkesbury was read and pronounced the 16th day of the month of December, 1531, in the house of Sir Thomas More, High Chancellor of England in the parish of Chelsea. After this, the Sheriffs received the aforesaid Tewkesbury, and burned him in Smithfield."[1]

[1] Tewkesbury is said, we know not how truly, to have been taken from More's house, and to the stake, without the King's writ.

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We also read that Master Bainham, a lawyer and son of a Knight of Gloucestershire, was accused to Sir Thomas More, Chancellor, arrested, and carried out of the Middle Temple to the Chancellor's house at Chelsea, where he continued in free prison, till More found he could not convert him. Then he cast him into prison in his own house, and whipped him at the tree in his garden called the "Tree of Troth," and afterwards sent him to the Tower to be racked, till he was in a manner lamed, and Sir Thomas was present while the punishment was administered. Afterwards he was brought before John Stokesby, Bishop of London, in 1531, in the said "town of Chelsea." Bainham submitted and said that he was deceived by ignorance. Afterwards he returned to his confession, and before the congregation, which was in a warehouse in Bow Lane, prayed everybody rather to die than to do as he had done, for he would not feel again such a hell as he felt for all the world's good.

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He was again proceeded against, and charged among other things with having said that he had "as leave pray to Joan his wife as to Our Lady," and that "Christ's body is not chewed by the teeth, but received by faith." Also that St. Thomas of Canterbury was "a thief and a murderer, and a devil in hell." Fox finishes his account of Bainham by saying that, "When at Fulham[1] he was a fortnight in the coal house in the stocks with irons on his legs, then carried to More's, where he was chained to a post two nights, then sent to Fulham, where he was cruelly handled for a week; then to the Tower, where he lay a fortnight scourged with whips. From thence to Barking, then to Chelsea, and so to Newgate. He was burned on the afternoon of Mayday, 1532. We read that when he came to the place of his execution he prayed lying flat upon the ground, then rising up and embracing the stake, stood upright on the pitch barrel,

[1] Froude regards this as a second series of persecutions

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closed the chain about his middle, and while the sergeants made it fast said—"I am come hither, good people, accused and condemned for an heretic, Sir Thomas More being both my accuser and judge; and there be the articles that I die for, which be a very truth, and grounded on God's word, and no heresy, which be these:—

"First, I say it is lawful for every man and woman to have God's book in their own mother tongue. The second, that the Bishop of Rome is Antichrist; and that he knoweth none other keys of heaven's gates, but only the preaching of the law and the gospel; and that there is none other purgatory than the purgatory of Christ's blood, and the purgatory of the Cross of Christ, which is all persecutions and afflictions, and no such purgatory as they feign in their own imagination; for their souls immediately go to heaven and rest with Jesus Christ for ever and ever."

As he was proceeding to speak of the idolatry of Transubstantiation Master Pave

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called out, "Set fire to him, and burn him," and as the train of gunpowder came towards him, he lifted up his eyes and hands to heaven, and said to Pave, "God forgive thee, and show thee more mercy than thou hast showed to me; the Lord forgive Sir Thomas More! and pray for me, all good people." At his burning here is notoriously to be observed, that as he was at the stake, in the midst of the flaming fire, which fire had half consumed his arms and legs, he spake these words, "O ye Papists! behold ye look for miracles, and here now ye may see a miracle, for in this fire I feel no more pain than if I were in a bed of down; but it is to me but a bed of roses."[1]

[1] We are told that, in 1532, More prosecuted to the death John Frith, a young man, "once elected at Cambridge for his excellent learning to the Cardinal's College, Oxford (now Christ Church)." The account given by Hall does not throw the guilt of this so entirely upon More. He says that:—"Frith, a very well learned man, and of an excellent goodly witte," was imprisoned for making a

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The darkness of these narratives may be relieved by a little characteristic story about a person of the name of Silver. More in arguing with him could not resist saying, "Silver must be tried in the fire," to which the other readily answered, "Yes, but Quicksilver will not abide it." More, according to the anecdote, was so much pleased at this reply, that he pardoned the offender.

It is impossible at this distance of time to decide how far More thus manifested the spirit of those disciples who wished to draw down fire from heaven. Party statements in periods of excitement are never very trustworthy. The authority of Foxe's Martyrology was held so high in the reign of Elizabeth that a copy of it was ordered to be placed in every church beside the Great Bible, and one remains

book against purgatory, and after a controversy with More, was brought into the Consistory in St. Paul's Church, London, and finally burnt for denying Transubstantiation."

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chained in Chelsea Church at the present day. Mr. Hearne, on the other hand, makes the sweeping assertion that it is a collection of old wives' fables and a tissue of falsehoods. Certainly there is confusion in his story of Bainham, and the miracle with which it terminates does not greatly increase its credibility. Erasmus considers the Lutherans to have been generally addicted to exaggeration. Mr. Froude believes in More's guilt, and considers him to have deserved his death, while Lord Campbell regards such narratives as mere inventions. More himself, and his character gave value to his word, said that he had never administered corporal pnnishment for heresy to any but two persons, one of whom was a child, and the other a lunatic. The latter was perhaps the man who tried to throw More out of one of the windows of his house at Chelsea, and was only diverted from his purpose by More's throwing out a dog, and telling him to run down for it. He says that, except in these two cases,

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"none that came into his hands for heresy had stripe or stroke given them—not so much as a fillip in the forehead."[1]

During his chancellorship he made search for men of Protestant views, and had them brought to trial; but whether any of them were actually put to death, and if so, how far More took part in passing a capital sentence, must remain somewhat uncertain. Erasmus says that More was the mildest of men, and denies that any executions for religion took place in his time, admitting that if moderation could not be preserved, More preferred superstition to impiety, and that "it was to be regretted that he did not leave theology to theologians."

More certainly wrote in favour of punishing the Reformers, who, he said, were not agreed among themselves on many points, and he likened them to a set of "lewd fellows," who, if you asked them the way,

[1] He must have meant that he did not personally inflict punishment; he admits having given orders to some officers of the Marshalsea.

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turned their backs to one another, and each one pointed straight before him. Some of them seemed to hold views subversive to Christianity; Bainham, for instance, maintained that if a Turk, Jew or Saracen trusted in God and kept his law, he was a good Christian. It appears, too, that arguments against miracles were at this time being used similar to those afterwards employed by Hume. More thought that all religion and morality were endangered and, moreover, he believed the false and exaggerated stories circulated by ecclesiastics. In his "Dialoge" he tells us how cruelly the "Newe Secte" had persecuted the Catholics, and that "the cursed wretches had taught the Devil new torments in Hell." Their excesses had "led to their being punished in Italy, Germany and Spain," and he especially betrays the incorrectness of his information in his condemnation of Lord Cobham. He attributes all their wickedness to the nature of their doctrines and their belief in Destiny. When

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asked to punish men who had spoken against himself personally, he refused. A Convocation of the Clergy voted him four thousand pounds in recognition of his theological works against heresies,[1] but he would not accept it, and says: "I would rather cast their money into the Thames than take it. For albeit they were, as in deed they were, both good men and honourable, yet look I for my thank of God, that is their better, and for whose sake I take the labour and not theirs." Never lived there a man more self-sacrificing. One day walking, as was his wont, along the bank of the river at Chelsea, he said, "Now, would to our Lord, Son Roper, uppon condition that three things were well established in Christendom, I were put into a sack and here presently cast into the Thames." These things were:—1st. That princes were at peace. 2nd. That the Church of Christ was in uniformity of religion. 3rd. That the King's

[1] He had written against Tyndale owing to a request made by Tunstall.

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marriage was brought to a good conclusion.

He knew that he was exerting himself in a failing cause—a consciousness that perhaps made him more energetic, for he said to Roper, upon his congratulating him upon the state of England, which had "so Catholicke a Prince that no hereticke durst shewe his face;" "I praie God that some of us, as highe as we seeme to sit uppon the mountaines, treadinge hereticks under our feet like ants, live not the daie that we would gladlie bee at league and composicion with them, to let them have their churches quietlie to themselves, soe that they would be contented to let us have ours quietly to ourselves."

More's tenure of the high office of Chancellor cannot have been altogether enjoyable, for Henry VIII. had previously spoken about the divorce, but for the time being it seemed in abeyance. He soon perceived that the King had set his heart upon a second marriage, and that circumstances might arise in which, as Chancellor, he would be called upon to act against his

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conscience. Accordingly, when he had held office for two years and a half, he determined to resign it—pleading, as an excuse, an increasing infirmity of the chest from which he suffered.

In the course of a man's life, his character always affects his position; and More, who had been devoted to higher considerations than those of his temporal interests, now found himself famous indeed, but not rich. He had only one hundred a year, which, even in those days, was a small income for a great man.[1] It had the value of about £2,000 per annum at the present time. A great reduction had to be made in his establishment, and his "gentlemen," his merry jester and his eight-oared barge of state, all disappeared as by enchantment. More despised such accessories, but his wife liked them, and the manner in which he announced to her his resignation shows how

[1] Beef was then a halfpenny and mutton three farthings a pound, and good wine twopence a bottle.

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little he could resist the temptation to rebuke vanity. When he was Chancellor, on holy days, one of his gentlemen, when service was done, used to come to my lady's pew-door and say, "Madam, my Lord is gone." So, after the surrender of his office, which was a holy day, he came unto his wife's pew himself, and making a low bow, said, "Madam, my Lord is gone!" She thought it was one of his jests and was little moved, till he told her that he had given up the Great Seal. Whereupon she exclaimed, "Tilly-vally, tilly-vally, Mr. More, will you sit and make goslings in the ashes?"[1] Whereupon, smiling at her vanity, he asked if there were not something the matter with her dress, and finally, whether her nose did not "stand somewhat awry?"

No doubt the change was greatly felt by

[1] An expression of impatience not then uncommon, though not, perhaps, thought very elegant. Shakespeare makes Dame Quickly use it to Falstaff, in Henry IV. "Tilly fally, Sir John, never tell me, your ancient swaggerer comes not in my doors."

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Lady More, for considerable state was kept up by Chancellors. They were accustomed to march on Sundays with great parade through the city, and though More, on the contrary, went quietly with his wife and family to the little church at Chelsea—where he even carried the cross in processions—he still maintained some state and had a suitable establishment.

About a year after More's retirement, two ill-omened individuals came to visit him at Chelsea. He had heard much of Elizabeth Barton. She was one of those persons, diseased both in body and mind, of whom the designing have in all ages availed themselves to deceive the credulous. Originally she was nothing but a servant to one Thomas Cobb, a steward of the Archbishop of Canterbury, and a tiny chapel at Court-at-Street (near Hythe)—the walls of which still remain—was the scene of her first performances. But her serviceable peculiarities having been brought under the notice of certain ecclesiastics, she was proclaimed a

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prophetess. For nine years she brought much gain to her masters, pretending to read thoughts, see visions, and acting much like one of our clairvoyants or "mediums." And she might have continued much longer to be a source of profit, had she not been destined to fill a page in history. She was induced to prophesy against the King in case he proceeded with the divorce. More, like everyone else, had heard of this "holy maid," but being a philosopher as well as a devotee, felt some uncertainty about her. Soon after her appearance, Archbishop Warham sent the King a roll of her sayings, which he handed over to More, who replied that it was "a right poor production, such as any simple woman might speak of her own wit." Some monks, however, anxious to further their pious fraud, desired that More should meet her, which he accordingly did at the Convent of Sion,[1] and

[1] An interesting picture by Poole was sold in 1878 in the Novar Collection, which belonged to Mr. Munro, called the "Visitation of Surrender of Syon Nunnery."

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was so far impressed by her that he begged her prayers and gave her a double ducat. In short, he thought that she might have some amount of inspiration, although the reports about her, and even her own pretensions might be exceedingly exaggerated.

The uncertainty of More on this subject, and his increasing attachment to the Papal party, led to the visits of which we are about to speak. About Christmas-tide a Franciscan friar called upon the ex-Chancellor at his house at Chelsea. No doubt his grey gown and sandals, and their wearer, though coarse and dirty, would be welcome there, especially as he was an "observant," *i.e.*, a man of peculiar sanctity and mortification. Accordingly, the good father was admitted, and seems to have conversed with More for some time, pro-

This Convent at Isleworth was of the Order of St Bridget, and was one of the first large monasteries suppressed; indeed, the conduct of the brethren in the affair of the Nun of Kent, tended to incite the King against conventual establishments in general.

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bably on miraculous occurrences. More, with his usual hospitality, asked him to stay for the night, and it was not until after supper that the friar disclosed the real object of his visit. He began to speak of the "Nun," gave her high commendation for her holiness, and said "it was wonderful to see what work God had wrought in her." For all which, More responsively "thanked God." He farther said that she told my Lord legate of three swords that God had placed in his hands—1st. The ordering the Spirituality under the Pope; 2nd. The rule as Chancellor; 3rd. The meddling with the marriage of the King. More replied that he would hear nothing against the King, and the friar seems to have gone to his chamber somewhat out of humour at this rebuke, saying "That the Cardinal's soul had been saved by the Nun's mediation."

Afterwards, about Shrove-tide, another observant, one Rich, came to More's house at Chelsea. He arrived a little before supper, and began asking More whether he

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had seen Risby, and whether he had spoken to him about the Nun of Kent, and about the King's grace. More replied that he had been very glad to hear of her virtue; but that he had no wish to hear of her revelations about the King, as she had had an interview with the King himself. Rich seems to have been offended at this language, for on supper being brought up, and More's asking him to sit down with him to it, he refused and left the house for London. But Rich visited him once again at Chelsea, and stayed a considerable time.[1]

Soon after there came to his house the Prior of the Charterhouse at Sheen, and one brother Williams with him, who were more wary than the observant friars, and although they spoke much of the Nun, merely descanted on her virtues. Williams came another time, and told More a long tale about something that happened when she went to the house of a knight in Kent, who was tempted to commit suicide. More

[1] More's letter in "Burnet's Collection."

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afterwards told the Prior of Charterhouse that she was a false deceiving hypocrite. He had already put Rich on his guard about some of the tales circulated about her. But it is evident that More's house had become well known to the religious fraternities, and that he was regarded as a man who sympathized with them. Risby and Rich were active and daring men, ready to risk everything in opposing the King, and about a year after their visit to Chelsea, Risby was executed with the Nun, while Rich seems to have died in prison. More was accused of "misprision of treason" for his connection with them, and was called upon to plead his cause at Lambeth before the Archbishop (Cranmer), the Lord Chancellor, the Duke of Norfolk, and Cromwell. From the speeches delivered on the occasion it would appear that the charge was partly that he opposed the King's wishes with regard to the divorce. After the discussion, as his watermen were rowing him back to Chelsea, Sir Thomas was very "merrie" in his boat.

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Roper thought from this that the proceedings against him were stopped, and when they had landed, and were walking together in the garden, he said that he hoped all was now well. To which Sir Thomas replied, that it was indeed so, "and I thank God," but went on to say that the cause of his jubilation was not that he had been acquitted, but that he had "given the devil a foul fall," because he had gone with those lords so far that he could not without shame draw back. But a letter he wrote to Cromwell led to his name being omitted from the list of those compromised with the Nun.

An Act of Parliament having been passed that all British subjects should take the oath of the King's supremacy, all the clergy were summoned, and also Sir Thomas More—the only layman—to appear and conform. On the morning on which he was to go to Lambeth for this purpose, before he went, he repaired to Chelsea Church, as was his wont before entering upon important busi-

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ness. His wife and children were accustomed to accompany him down to the river to kiss him and bid him farewell; but on this occasion he allowed none to follow him beyond his gate, but "pulled the wicket after him with a heavy heart." When in the boat he remained silent a long time, but at length said to Roper, "I thank our Lord, son, the field is won." At Lambeth, More refused the oath, saying that although many learned men had taken it, he could not go against the generally received opinion of the whole Christian world.

The real point at issue between More and Henry VIII. concerned the supremacy of the Pope. There seemed to More something novel and preposterous in a layman being the head of the church—and the anomaly must have appeared greater when that layman was to be Henry VIII. More was a loyal subject, but he knew the King's character well. As he still refused to take the oath of supremacy or admit the King's marriage with Katherine to be invalid—

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although he offered to swear to the succession of Anne Boleyn's children—he was committed for four days to the custody of the Abbot of Westminster, in hopes that he might be induced to comply. After this the oath was again proffered to him, and upon his again refusing he was sent to the Tower. But More was not daunted, his firm and buoyant spirit supported him on entering that gloomy abode, and he even cheered himself and those around him with little pleasantries. The porter demanded as his due his "upper garment," whereupon More threw him his cap, saying he was sorry for his sake it was not a better one. On the meagre prison fare being laid before him, the Lieutenant of the Tower, an old friend, said, he regretted that, "owing to orders, he could not entertain him more worthily." "I verily believe you," replied More, "and thank you most heartily for it, and assure yourself I do not mislike my fare, but whensoever I do, spare me not, but thrust me

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out of your doors." Such light repartee may seem to some strange from a man in his position, but it was not inconsistent with his character. He was accustomed to regard death merely as a transition to a happier state, and his faith was so strong that he felt none of that underlying doubt which damps the cheerfulness of many good Christians. His wife took a very different view of the situation, and the dialogue between them upon her visit to the Tower is too characteristic to be omitted.

"What the good year," Mr. More, she exclaimed, "I marvel that you who have hitherto always been taken for a wise man will now so play the fool, and lie here in this close filthy prison, and be content to be shut up thus with mice and rats, when you might be abroad at your liberty, with the favour and good-will both of the King and the Council, if you would but do as all the bishops and best learned of his realm have done; and seeing you have at Chelsey a right fair house, your library, your books, your

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gallery, your garden, your orchard, and all other necessaries so handsome about you, where you might in company with me, your wife, your children and household, be merry, I muse what a God's name you meane, here still thus fondly to tarry." To which he replied, "I pray thee, good Mistress Alice, tell me one thing. Is not this house as near heaven as mine own?" She answered after her custom, "Tilly-vally, tilly-vally." He replied, "How sayest thou, Mistress Alice, is it not indeed?" "Bone Deus, man, will this gear never be left?" "Well then, if it be so, I see no great cause why I should much joy either of my fair house or anything belonging thereunto, when if I should be but seven years buried underground, and rise and come thither again, I should not fail to find some therein that would bid me get out of doors, and tell me plainly that it was none of mine. What cause have I then to like such a house as would so soon forget its master? Again, tell me, Mistress Alice, how long do you think we may live and

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enjoy it?" "Some twenty years," she said. "Truly," replied he, "if you had said some thousand years it had been somewhat, and yet he were a very bad merchant that would put himself in danger to lose eternity for a thousand years."

In the Tower of London a cell is pointed out to visitors in the dungeon of the great White Tower, as that in which More was incarcerated. It is miserably small and cold—a mere niche or closet in the wall, about five feet square, and if there is any truth in the tradition, and in the charges against More, there must have been a sort of Nemesis in his fate; for this was the very dungeon in which he had sat as an inquisitor, and immediately in front of his cell was the rack on which his victims had been placed. He was kept in prison for more than a year, and was so much weakened by confinement, that he had to lean on a staff, and required a chair to be brought for him during his last trial. But his spirit was unbroken, he still refused to take the oath, and being falsely

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accused of having "malitiouslie, traitorouslie, and diabolicallie" denied the king to be the head of the Church,[1] he was sentenced to be drawn on a hurdle through the City of London to Tyburn, there to be hanged until he was half dead, afterwards to be cut down, disembowelled, and that his four quarters should set up over four gates of the city, his head on London Bridge. His final words to his judges were "I verily trust and shall right heartily pray that though your lordships have been on earth my judges to condemnation, yet we may hereafter meet in heaven merrily together to our everlasting salvation, and God preserve you all, especially my sovereign lord the King, and grant him faithful counsellors." His sentence was afterwards commuted to decapitation. When he was taken back to prison, Sir William Kinston, the Constable of the Tower, who conducted him, bade him farewell with a

[1] The Act had declared it high treason by words or writing to deny it, but More had merely refused to swear to it.

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heavy heart and many tears, but More said, "Good Mr. Kinston, trouble not yourself, but be of good cheer, for I will pray for you, and my good lady your wife, that we may meet in heaven together, where we shall be merry for ever and ever." His favourite daughter, Margaret, forced her way to him through the guard of halbert-men that surrounded him, and embraced and kissed him again and again, only able to exclaim, "Oh, my father! oh, my father!" Again she returned to embrace him till tears fell from his eyes, and scarcely any of the crowd or even of the guard could keep from weeping.

We have already noticed how prejudicial the confinement in the Tower had been to More's health, and that before he entered its cold damp cells he was suffering in the chest. The end of his life affords a conspicuous instance of the mind proving superior to circumstances and physical infirmity. His humility was as marvellous as his courage. Speaking of his approaching

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death, he said, "Lord, help me; if God for my many and grievous sins will suffer me to be damned, his justice shall be praised by me! but I hope his mercy shall have the upper hand." We are told that on the appointed day "More was brought by the Lieutenant out of the Tower, clad in an old frieze gown, his beard being long, his face pale and lean, carrying in his hand a red cross and casting his eyes towards heaven." But he felt none of the apprehension which such a description might seem to imply. Firm in his convictions, he was calm and even "merrie" to the last. Perhaps he wished to show how little a good man should fear death.

On mounting the scaffold, he seemed so weak as to be ready to fall, wherefore he said to the Lieutenant: "I pray you, Sir, see me safe up, and for my coming down let me shift for myself." The executioner knelt before him, as was the custom, to ask his forgiveness, to whom he replied, kissing him, "that he had nothing to forgive a man

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who was going to do him the greatest kindness." But he added, "Thou shalt never have honesty of the striking off of my head —my neck is so short."[1] Having placed his head on the block, he bade the executioner stay until he had removed aside his beard, observing that "it had never committed any treason against the King." These were his last words.

What a sad change had events brought over the happy household at Chelsea. During Sir Thomas' incarceration his daughter Margaret says that they comforted themselves by reflecting upon his virtues. His wife writes in a letter to Cromwell, "I paid weekly fifteen shillings for the bord wages of my poure husband and his servant, for the mayntaining whereof I have been compelled of very necessyte to sell part of myn apparell."[2]

[1] Hall's "Union of the Noble Families of Lancaster and York."

[2] Fisher, who had better accommodation, was allowed 20*s.* a week, but his relations do not seem to have paid it, for

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After More's death his little property was confiscated and his wife was turned out of the house—the King only allowing her twenty pounds a year. More Hall, North Mims, which had been some time in the family, was settled upon the Princess

fourteen weeks were due when he died. Only three weeks were owing for More, such were the exertions made by his family. More's head was put on London Bridge, and his body buried in the Tower. It is said that his daughter afterwards obtained his head, preserved it with aromatic spices, carried it about in a leaden box as a relic for nine years, and that it was buried with her at St. Dunstan's, Canterbury, where it can still be seen. "In 1835 the vault of the Roper family was accidentally opened, when it was found to contain five coffins; and in a niche in the wall, in a leaden box something in the shape of a beehive, open in the front, and with an iron grating before it, was the skull of Sir Thomas More, in the place where it was seen many years ago."—*Gentleman's Magazine.* When the Vicar, the Rev. J. G. Hoare, last saw this relic, it seemed to be fast decaying. The wooden box in which Margaret Roper kept it nine years, until her death in her thirty-sixth year in 1544, is in the possession of Mr. Thurlow, of Baynard's Park, Surrey. Lord Teynham is descended from Margaret Roper. Bourke mentions a tradition that Queen Elizabeth offered her a ducal coronet—a strange anachronism.

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Elizabeth for life, and was only recovered at her death by Sir Thomas' great grandson, Cresacre More.

In 1544 More's widow was granted a house in Chelsea, at a rent of twenty shillings. This had been the residence of the parish priest—perhaps was the "gallery," as Doctor Larke, the rector of the church where More assisted, and who was appointed by him, was executed ten years after his patron for denying the Supremacy. His successor seems to have been a man of advanced views, for he was removed in Mary's reign for being married, but was reinstated by Elizabeth. We can see in Chelsea, at the present day, the church More attended. All that was done in 1667 consisted of removing the small nave on the west and the little shattered tower, and replacing them by a large square addition and lofty tower. The church of More was probably cruciform, and was a very primitive structure, with everything in miniature, the walls being about twelve feet high and the length about sixty feet.

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The epitaph written by More upon himself and his wives still remains where he placed it, over his first wife. It is surmounted by his crest—a Moor's head. The inscription has been twice restored, and upon these occasions the space where were the words, "and to heretics" was left blank. More had written that he had been "troublesome to thieves, murderers and heretics." Erasmus seems to have objected to the last word, but More said that he had inserted it intentionally (ambitiosè), for that he feared evil to the world from them.

It is very probable that this epitaph in the chancel was placed by More over the spot where he delighted to stand in his surplice singing the service, especially as he says that he put it up to familiarize himself with thoughts of death, which he hoped would be to him the gate of life. We know that he did take up his place in the choir, both from the story already given of the Duke of Norfolk's finding him there, and from the allusion to his usually leaving the church

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without the knowledge of his family. If they sat within his chapel, they could not see him in the chancel, and he would depart by the little door near his epitaph. His eyes must often have gazed upon the trefoils, mullions and arches we now behold, and the chapel of the Laurence family was becoming venerable even in his time. But the chapel in the South aisle has still greater interest, as having been built by More himself, and it remained a private freehold until five years since, beyond the control of the Bishop. Upon the ceiling we see, at the present day, his arms, three moorcocks, depicted, and the capitals of the pillars which support the arch leading to it are enriched with carvings. On the East pillar, we can plainly read, among the scrolls and other ornaments, the date 1528; and on the West, are three heads, one male and two female, the latter in the diamond-shaped caps of the period. These may have represented More and his wives. He presented plate to this chapel,

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and was very liberal to the church and the poor. It is interesting to notice in connection with the later history ot Chelsea, that he established here a house for the reception of the aged and destitute; one of the first lay institutions of the kind. Another coincidence may here be mentioned, seeming to fulfil some of More's predictions—a tablet to one of the family of the heretic, Tyndale, has been placed over his monument.

The walls of Sir Thomas More's garden can still be seen surrounding the Moravian burial-ground. Their construction, bright red brick, and decaying state, testify their age to be greater than that of the school-house, a building marked in Kip's plan as existing at the commencement of the last century. At the south-east corner of the ground, the wall juts out into the garden, and we find marks of gateways and a fire-place, as if some house had stood there. It may be that these formed part of More's house, which would thus have stood nearly due north of the site of Lindsey house; but

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in Kip's view there are a cottage and out-offices here a few yards from the north-west end of Beaufort house, and there may have been something similar on the spot in More's time.

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CHAPTER III.

Bishop Fisher—Holbein—Heywood—Henry VIII. at Chelsea—Lord Sandys—Building of Chelsea Palace.

AMONG the old-fashioned figures we might have seen passing in and out of More's house at Chelsea was that of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester. He had been tutor to Henry, and confessor to the King's grandmother, and is believed to have persuaded her to found St. John's and Christ's College in Cambridge, of which University he was appointed Chancellor. In character and career he resembled More. He was a man of great learning and piety, was duped by the Maid of Kent, opposed the King's divorce, and refused to swear to his supremacy. The lamentable con-

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dition to which he was eventually reduced in the Tower is pitiable to read, especially when we remember that he was now in his eightieth year. He writes

"I have neither shirt, nor sute, nor yet other cloathes that are necessary for me to wear, but that be ragged and rent too shamefully."

Paul III. to reward his fidelity sent him a Cardinal's hat,[1] which when Henry heard he exclaimed, "Mother of God! he shall wear it on his shoulders then, for I will leave him never a head to set it on." His execution was immediately ordered, and he was beheaded a fortnight before More.

But in contrast to this learned prelate, another visitor of a very gay and fantastic nature was frequently in this neighbourhood —Hans Holbein, the young painter. Many have entertained doubts whether the lightness of his character was merely that of the

[1] Strype observes, with reference to this Pope's Hat, that "the head it should stand upon was as high as London Bridge e'er it could come to him."

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inventive humorist, or implied a certain amount of recklessness and dissipation. Our perplexity on the subject is increased by the fact that the principal evidence against him is his own handiwork—a caricature among his illustrations of Erasmus' "Praise of Folly,"[1] in which he represents himself as an Epicurean of the swinish type, emptying with one hand a wine bottle down his throat, while with the other he grasps a woman round the neck. Certainly he was not on good terms with his wife; there was an "incompatability" it has been said, and this discomfort together with the scarcity of artistic employment in Germany, led to his directing his steps towards England. We can imagine the travel stained artist arriving on foot at the portals of More's residence, having walked the greater part of his way, and perhaps *begged* —as was not then uncommon with students. He brought an introduction from Erasmus,

[1] A work named by Erasmus "Encomium Moriæ," out of compliment to More, and his love of humour.

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but was, perhaps, surprised at not finding More established in something like a German schloss, and his report of it was probably the foundation of Erasmus' statement that the house was not invidiously "grand." More was no respector of persons; he found Holbein a pleasant fellow as well as a good artist, and gave him a hearty welcome, but it is said that when More asked him who had sent him to England, he took out a piece of charcoal and sketched the features of the Earl of Arundel. Sir Thomas invited him to take up his abode in his house, and the painter is supposed to have lived with him two or three years. We may feel certain that their intercourse led to the embellishment of More's house in many ways, for Holbein had great taste in ornamentation, and was fond of making designs for plate and furniture. His efforts in this direction were probably seconded by his patron who loved art, and especially pictures, of which he seems to have been a tolerable judge.

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It has been generally supposed that the portraits we have of Anne Boleyn were taken by this artist, but some doubt is now entertained on the subject, as he does not seem to have entered the King's service until after her death.[1] On the same ground a question has been raised whether More introduced Holbein to the King, and certainly the painter left this country for two years, and when he returned, More was no longer in favour. A story, however, is told that on one occasion, when More was giving an entertainment to the King at Chelsea, the room was adorned with pictures by Holbein, and the King exclaimed in astonishment and delight, "Is there such an artist alive, and can he be had for money?"

[1] A miniature of her in the possession of Mr. Charles Sackville Bale may perhaps be by Holbein, but the picture in the Prince's Chamber of the Houses of Parliament is taken from a portrait in the Museum of Berlin, and is probably of some one else, and by some other hand. Mr. Bale has a miniature of Henry Fitzroy, natural son of Henry VIII., which is perhaps by Holbein.

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Holbein's portraits of More's family were of small size, with the exception of the celebrated family group, and it would add great interest to the picture at Nostell Priory if we could believe it to have been the work of art which so much attracted the attention of Henry. Another anecdote is told in favour of an earlier introduction to the King.[1] It is said that when the intelligence of More's death was brought to Henry, he was playing draughts with Anne Boleyn, and that he instantly arose and left the room, exclaiming, "Thou hast been the cause of this man's death." Later on in the same day, according to Baldinucci,[2] the Queen in passing cast her eyes upon an exquisite portrait of More, which was in the King's possession, and as we may suppose was the work of Holbein. Seeing the face so expressive as of the living man, and the eyes as though beholding her from the

[1] Holbein commenced painting regularly for the King in 1537.

[2] Wornum's "Life of Holbein."

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canvas, she was seized with horror and remorse, and unable to endure it, threw open the window of the palace and cast it out exclaiming—"Oh me; the man seems alive!"

It certainly would seem strange that a man who designed the ornamentation for the city at the coronation of Anne Boleyn, and who was painting pictures at a house where the King frequently visited should be unknown to him, but it would not follow that he should be immediately and permanently engaged. We may add that there was long a portrait of Henry VIII. in Chelsea, traditionally said to have been painted by him, and to have hung in More's house.[1] But Woltman is of opinion that Holbein was introduced to Henry later by Sir Thomas Wyatt, whose portrait he painted. Upon entering the King's service he received £30 a year, and rooms in Whitehall, and the

[1] This picture was in the possession of Mr. Powlett, of No. 1, Cheyne Walk, and was sold with his effects upon his death, about thirty years since.

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estimation in which he was held by Henry is well represented by the following anecdote:—A nobleman came one day, and knocked at the door for admission, and the painter told him to come another time as he was engaged. The nobleman became angry and used threatening language. Holbein thereupon opened the door, and knocked him down stairs. The man fell with a cry being seriously hurt, and Holbein got out of one of the windows and went to the King asking pardon for his offence. Soon after his accuser arrived, and threatened himself to punish Holbein if the King refused to take the matter up; to which Henry replied, "Now, you have no longer to deal with Holbein, but with me the King! I tell you, my lord, that out of seven peasants I can, if I please, any day make seven Earls, but out of seven Earls I could not make one such artist as Hans Holbein."[1] Considerable confusion has been caused by many pictures of other artists having been

[1] Wornum's "Life of Holbein."

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ascribed to Holbein. Among the genuine portraits by him, we have one of Fisher, Bishop of Rochester, and another of Rich, who bore false witness against More, and afterwards became Chancellor.

It is probable that the minute description given by Erasmus of More's life at Chelsea was that which he had heard from Holbein, and if so, it speaks well for the painter's appreciation of virtue and religion.[1] The painter ended his days in England, where he was employed in taking portraits, not only of the King, but of most of the principal people of the realm—dying at the age of forty-five, in the year 1543.

But very different men were sometimes to be seen in More's house, such as Heywood, the poet—one of the first that substituted on the stage scenes of daily life for scriptural representations. He was the favourite jester of Henry VIII., and his humour cheered the disturbed spirit of Mary

[1] Erasmus also obtained information from a "famulus," or servant, who had been with More.

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when she was languishing on her death-bed. He lived generally at North Mims, where More had property, and this led to the familiar intercourse that existed between them. As in More, so in Heywood, there was a strong basis of religion beneath his jocularity, and after Mary's death he became a voluntary exile. The profane jesting in which he indulged was common even among ecclesiastics in those rude times, and pleased his auditors with whom the monks were especially unpopular.

In the "Four P's" a Palmer, a Pardoner, a Poticary, and a Peddler, he ridicules absolutions and reliques; and towards the end the devil finally begs the Pardoner not to let any more women go to hell as they give so much trouble there.

In the "Spider and the Flie," the Protestant and Catholic party are represented in the fabular form then in vogue. The work is in praise of Queen Mary, who is the maid with the broom that knocks down the spider's web. Harrison says that "in this

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work Heywood dealeth so profoundlie and beyond all measure of skill that neither he himself that made it, neither anie one that readeth it can reach into the meaning thereof."

Heywood wrote a book of versified proverbs from which we may see how venerable are many of the sayings we use at the present day. It has been said that some of them were by More. The following may serve as specimens of these old saws—

OF BIRDS AND BIRDERS.

"Better one bird in the hand than ten in the wood;
Better for birders, but for birds not so good."

OF A SHEEP'S EYE.

"He cast a sheep's eye at her, a strange eye spread,
To see a sheep's eye look out of a calve's head."

But the most remarkable visitor to More's "pore house at Chelchith"[1] was the King

[1] In using this expression, More did not mean that his house was mean or small, for he often said "this room pleases me well." It was a humble mode of speech, and Wolsey used it in speaking of his palace at Whitehall. Erasmus calls More's house a Prætorium.

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himself. Henry VIII. who had been very careful with regard to the education of his children, was considered to be the most learned prince that had been known for many ages. He could play several musical instruments, composed two masses, and understood Latin, French, Spanish, and Italian. So well read was he in abstruse theology, the learning then in fashion, that a false rumour spread that his father intended him to be Archbishop of Canterbury. In the earlier part of his reign his great ambition was to be favoured by the Pope, and to obtain some title from him in recognition of his talents.[1] An attack upon Luther appeared likely to conduce to this desirable end, and he accordingly wrote, or rather assisted in writing a book on the "Seven Sacraments" against him. In this work he magnified the authority of the Pope to such an extent

[1] Burnet says Pope Julius sent Henry a golden rose, with which he was much delighted, "though such presents might seem fitter for children."

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that More, who looked over it and arranged some of the materials, suggested to him that some day such admissions might be inconveniently cited against his own independence.[1] But the King wanted a title, and could spare neither flattery nor vituperation. He calls the Pope the chief Priest and Supreme Judge upon earth; but of Luther, he says:

"Alas! the worst wolf of hell has devoured him, and sent him down into the lowest part of his belly, where half alive, in death he eructates from the filthy jaws of the hellish beast those yelpings which the ear of the whole flock turn from in horror and abomination."

And in another place:

"Exalted like Lucifer, he has fallen and been shivered like lightning; but imitating

[1] More says the King convinced him by arguments that the passages should remain. The vituperative language did not seem so strong at that time as it does now. More and Tyndale attacked each other in terms of great bitterness.

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the desperation of the devil, a devil himself, that is a calumniator, he begins to break forth into slanders and blasphemies against the Pope, and envying other believers, to spread forth, like the old serpent, nets of infidelity."

In return for these effusions, Henry obtained the title of "Defender of the Faith," and the Pope, not to be outdone in flattery, said, "that it appeared that the Holy Ghost had assisted him in writing it."

When the book was in preparation, More was on such good terms with Henry, that he spoke of him with enthusiastic admiration, increased, perhaps, by his Catholic zeal. "The King," he writes, "is so courteous to all men, that every one may find somewhat whereby he may imagine that he loveth him as the citizens' wives of London do, who imagine that Our Lady's picture, near the Tower, dost smile upon them as they pray before it."

Erasmus says, "that, at this time, Henry never permitted More to leave him, as he

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was useful for business, and a joyous companion for relaxation in pleasant stories." He would have him to discourse with him on geometry, astronomy and divinity; often taking him up to the leads to study the stars at night, and used to invite him to supper. More disliked being so much at the palace, because he could seldom see his wife and children. But when he was at Chelsea, Henry would sometimes come unexpectedly to his house to dine, and "be merry with him." After dinner they would walk in the garden. On one of these occasions Roper saw the King with his arm round More's neck. We can imagine the son-in-law's surprise and delight at such condescension. As soon as he had an opportunity, he went to congratulate More, observing, "that he had never seen the King so familiar with anyone else, except Wolsey." But More, who understood by this time the wickedness and ambition of the King, replied—

"I thank our Lord God I find his Grace

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my very good Lord indeed; and I believe he doth so singularly favour me as any other subject within this realm; howbeit, son Roper, I may tell you, I have no cause to be proud thereof; for if my head could win him a castle in France it should not fail to go off." More seems occasionally to have approached to "something like prophetic strain," for when in the Tower, he asked his daughter how Anne Boleyn was—whom he knew to be inimical to him, especially since his refusal to attend at her coronation. "In faith, father," quoth she, "never better." "Never better, Megg?" quoth he. "Alas! Megg it pitieth me to remember into what misery she shall shortly come. These dances of hers will prove such dances, that she will spurn our heads off like footballs, but it will not be long e'er her own head will dance the like dance." This was said at a time when Henry was by no means thought cruel or sanguinary.

We may not unjustly conclude from More's remark, "If my head could win a

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castle in France, it should not fail to go," that Henry had been talking on that occasion about the French war, and had shown great eagerness about it, and perhaps some recklessness as to the cost. The subject might have been easily introduced by some reference to Lord Sandys, who had married the niece of Sir Reginald Bray, and thus had become possessed of the Manor House of Chelsea. Sir William Sandys was treasurer of Calais in 1519, and was appointed Captain of Guisnes in 1527. In 1521, when Wolsey was at Calais on an Embassy with More and Sandys, Pace wrote to him, "The Kynge signifieth unto your Grace that where as olde men doith nowe decaye gretly within thys realme, his mynde is to agwaynte other yonge men with his greate affayris, and therefore he desyrith Your Grace to make Sir William Sandys and Sir Thomas More priveye to all suche matiers as Your Grace shall treate at Calice."

In 1524 Sandys led the van of the English army, and in 1527 Sandys and

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More were again at Calais[1] with Wolsey, and went to meet the French King at Amiens. Sandys seems to have been strongly attached to Henry, who had raised him to the peerage in 1523. He went upon an Embassy to Rome in the train of Wolsey, and afterwards subscribed the Articles of Impeachment against him, and signed the letter to the Pope for the divorce of Katherine.[2] Shakespeare, either following some current stories, or drawing conclusions from Sandys having been a soldier, and having

[1] On a previous occasion More had been kept more than six months at Calais, and bemoans himself "to be shut up in a little seaport town, unpleasant both in soil and climate."

[2] A letter from Lord Maltravers, in 1540, announces the reception of the news of the death of Lord Sandys, Captain of Guisnes, and shows how strictly Calais was guarded. It is dated from Calais, and says that after the closing of the gates one of the posts arrived, who called over to the keeper of the walls that Lord Sandys "was departed to God's mercy." Maltravers immediately caused a letter to be cast over the walls to him, asking where he died, and telling him not to spread the news.

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served much in the French war, introduces him as a man of gallantry, and a detester of French fashions—

Lovell. A French song and a fiddle have no fellow.
Sands. The devil fiddle 'em! I am glad they are going,
For sure there's no converting of 'em; now,
An honest country lord, as I am, beaten
A long time out of play, may bring his plain song
And have an hour of hearing; and by'r lady,
Held current music too.
Chamberlain. Well said, Lord Sands;
Your colt's tooth is not cast yet.
Sands. No, my lord;
Nor shall not while I have a stump.

Afterwards, at Wolsey's entertainment, the Chamberlain says:—

Sweet ladies, will it please you sit? Sir Harry,
Place you that side; I'll take the charge of this.
His Grace is entering— Nay, you must not freeze;
Two women placed together makes cold weather!
My Lord Sands, you are one will keep 'em waking,
Pray sit between these ladies.
Sands. By my faith,
And thank your lordship— By your leave, sweet ladies.
(*Seats himself between Anne Boleyn and another lady.*)

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If I chance to talk a little wild, forgive me;
I had it from my father.
Anne. Was he mad, Sir?
Sands. O, very mad, exceeding mad, in love too;
For he would bite none; just as I do now,
He would kiss you twenty with a breath. (*Kisses her.*)
Chamberlain. Well said, my lord.
So now you're fairly seated, gentlemen,
The penance lies on you, if these fair ladies
Pass away frowning.
Sands. For my cure,
Let me alone."

By a strange anachronism Shakespeare afterwards calls him Sir William Sandys. Perhaps he is represented conversing with the Chamberlain because he eventually succeeded to that office himself. Two of his three sons became priests, and the advice and example of More, whom they saw on Sunday singing the service in their church, may have inclined them towards such a vocation. There must have been great religious sympathy between More and this nobleman, whom we find abetting the persecution of the Protestants in Calais, and

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when rebuilding his paternal mansion The Vyne, giving proof of his zeal and munificence in ecclesiastical matters. Horace Walpole speaks of his chapel as, "the most heavenly in the world," and we can still see its richly carved stalls, and the flooring tiles and stained windows (representing Francis I. and his wives), brought here by Lord Sandys. Moreover, Lord Sandys founded with Bishop Fox the Fraternity of the Holy Ghost for the promotion of religion and charity, and built a chapel for it adjoining an older one of a similar character two miles from his residence. Camden highly commends the scriptural paintings on the roof of this structure; and at Mottisfont (the seat of Sir C. Mills, a descendant of the Sandys' family) some of the velvet and gold furniture, which belonged to it, may be seen; and book coverings marked with the Sandys' arms, and the motto "Aide Dieu."

The traveller passing through Basingstoke still sees near the railway the picturesque

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ruins of this sanctuary—an octagonal tower with richly carved niches, and part of the eastern wall. The stained glass, which filled the windows, presented by Lord Sandys, was removed for safety during the Civil War, and remained stowed in boxes in a hayloft at Mottisfont Abbey, until 1868, when it was given by Lady Mills to the parish church of Basingstoke. It contains several large and well-executed figures, representing Peter in Gethsamane, the Scourging, and similar subjects, there is a fine canopy, and the arms of Sandys with those of Bray on a shield of pretence.[1]

As Lord Sandys took so much interest in the neighbourhood of Basingstoke, it was natural that he should be willing to

[1] It is difficult to see the window, as it is behind a gallery. It has been said that the glass was brought from Boulogne by Lord Sandys, who was there when Henry met Francis I., in 1532, but Mr. Westlake, author of the "History of Design in Painted Glass," tells me that he considers it to be Flemish, and probably brought from Calais.

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receive Mottisfont, near Romsey, and let the King have Chelsea Manor. The brightness of the river, and the clearness of the air, which even now make this neighbourhood delightful, had charmed Henry, when he had visited More, and as he had no feeling of sentiment or remorse, he now thought of coming to live in a place close to that of his once intimate friend, whose life he had taken, and whose property he had confiscated one year before. The old Manor House was small, and he sold it to the Laurence family, who perhaps thus first became connected with the place, although the "Laurence Chapel" is of much older date.[1]

Henry built a palace in what is now Cheyne Walk, a little to the east of the

[1] The Laurence Chapel in the Church at Chelsea is of the decorated period, and it has therefore been supposed that the Laurence family had been here for a couple of centuries. But there is no proof that they built it, and the name may have been given to the chapel merely on account of certain interments in it. The name is now spelt Lawrence

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present Albert Bridge, and about a quarter of a mile below where More had lived. It was of brick, and its front to the river, though not lofty, was somewhat grand, being two quadrangles in length. The eastern end, which seems to have been the earlier, had a castellated wall and four large buttresses running up high above the roof, perhaps intended to represent towers. There was some resemblance to the front of St. James' Palace, the gateway of which, in St. James' Street, was built about this period.

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CHAPTER IV.

Katherine Parr—Clandestine Visits of Seymour—The Princess Elizabeth at Chelsea—Her Intimacy with Seymour—Scenes in the Palace—Jealousy of Katherine—Lady Jane Grey—The Duke of Northumberland—Costly Wardrobe of the Duchess—Anne of Cleves—Lord Bray's Funeral.

CHELSEA PALACE, or Place, became the jointure house of Katherine Parr, and after the King's death she continued to live there. Her property was large, and she kept up a certain amount of state, her retinue numbering over one hundred persons; and we may suppose that the appointments of her establishment here were as splendid as those she afterwards had at Sudeley, where the walls were hung with fair tapestry, the chairs and cushions covered with em-

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broidery and cloth of gold; the bedsteads were gilt, and curtained with crimson taffeta. No doubt all this magnificence sparkled very brilliantly before the eyes of Seymour, the Lord Admiral, a man of mercenary and ambitious views. He was brother of the Protector, and uncle of the King, and his love of intrigue throws at this time a certain amount of romance around the Royal residence at Chelsea. Seymour's first idea was that he might marry Elizabeth, and he even asked the consent of the Council, but was refused. He then applied to Edward to appoint him a wife, who mildly suggested Anne of Cleves or his sister Mary. These not suiting him, he dedetermined to marry Queen Katherine privately, without risking a second failure. This was the more easy of accomplishment, as there had been some love passages tween them, even before she married the King. She alludes to her earlier attachment to him in an interesting letter written from Chelsea, apparently during their courtship—

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" My Lord,

" I send you my moost humble and harty comendations, beying desyrous to knowe howe y.e have done syns I saw you. I prey you be not offended with me in that I send soner to you than I sayd I wold. For my promys was but one in a fourtened. Howbeyt the tyme ys well abrevyated by what means I know not, except the weakes be shorter at Chelsey than in other places. My lord, your brother hathe dyfferred answer concernyng such requestes as I made to hym tyll his comyng hether, wyche he saythe schal be immediatly after the term. Thys ys not hys fyrst promys I have receyved of hys comyng and yet unperfourmed. I thynke my ladye hathe tawght hym that lesson; for yt ys hyr coustome to promys many comynges to hyr frends and to perfourme none. I trust in greatter matters sche ys more circomspect. And thus, my lord, I make my ende, byddynge you mooste hartely farewell, wyschying you the good I wold myselfe.

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"I wold not have you to thynke that thys myne onest good wyll towards you to procede of any sodayne motyon of passyon. For as truly as God ys God my mynde was fully bent the other tyme I was at lybertye to marye yew before any man I knewe. Howbeyt God withstode my wyll theryn most vehemently for a tyme, and through hys grace and goodnes made that possible whyche seemeth to me most impossible, that was, made me to renownce utterly myne owne wyll, and to follow hys wyll most wyllingly. Yt were too long to wryte all the process of thys matter. Yf I lyve I schal declare yt to you myself. I can say nothying, but as my Lady of Suffolke sayeth, 'God is a marvelous man.' By her that ys yowrs to serve and obey duryng her lyf,

"KATERYN THE QUENE. K. P."

What attractions Seymour had for Katherine it is not easy to divine. His expression of countenance was rather audacious

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and dissipated than amiable; he had reddish hair and wore a long red beard. The exact time when Seymour privately married Katherine Parr is not known. Leti places it as early as thirty-four days after the King's death, and some have made it as late as four months after that event. At first she stipulated for two years, but Seymour begged her to shorten the period of suspense to two months, and seems to have succeeded. After this, he visited her by stealth in the dawn of morning, at which time he might have been afraid to cross the dangerous and unfrequented road from London to Chelsea. We may suppose that the following letter of directions to him was written not before the month of April, when he would be able to have the advantage of early light:—

"When it shall be your pleasure to repair hither, y^e^ must take some pain to come early in the morning, that y^e^ may be gone again by seven o'clock, and so I suppose y^e^

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may come without suspect. I pray you lett me have knowledge over-night at what hour y^e^ will come, that your porteress may wait at the gate to the feilds for you. By her that is, and shall be, your humble, true and loving wife during her life.

"KATERYN THE QUEEN."

This marriage having taken place without the consent of the Council, some delicacy was required in making it public. Katherine advised Seymour to gain the services of some leading men, but not first to apply to his brother as he might refuse, which "would only make his folly more manifest to the world." She evidently took the Admiral's view of the Protector's shortcomings, and there was some jealousy about precedence between her and the Duchess. A letter about a farm, written "From Chelsey in great haste," betrays her irritation at the opposition she received. It commences :—

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"Thys schal be to advertysche you that my Lord your Brother hathe thys afternone a lyttell made me warme. Yt was fortunate we war so muche dystant, for I suppos els I schulde have bytten hym. What cause have they to feare havyng suche a wyff? Yt ys requysyte for them contynually to pray for a schorte Dispatche of that Hell. To morrowe or else upon Satterday at afternone, about thre o'clock, I wyll se the Kynge, wher I intend to utter all my coler to my Lord your Brother, yf you schall not gyve me advyce to the contrary."

Seymour, wishing to obtain some countenance for his marriage, still concealed, wrote to the Princess (afterwards Queen) Mary to beg her to further his suit with Katherine Parr; to which she replied that—

"If the remembrance of the King's Majestye, my father (whose soul God pardon), wyll not suffre her to grawnt youre shute. I am nothing able to persuade her

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to forget the losse of hym, who is as yet very rype in myne owne remembrance." She adds:—"Other wayes I would be glad to do him pleasure, woweing matters set aparte, wher in I being a mayde, am nothyng connyng."

It seems that his private visits to the Queen had become known and occasioned scandal. Seymour, writing to her, May 17th, 1548, after marriage, says:—

"After my humble commendation unto your Highness yesternight, I supped at my brother Herbert's, of whom for your sake besides mine own, I received good cheer, and after the same I received from your Highness by my sister Herbert, your commendations, which were more welcome than they were sent. And after the same, she (Lady Herbert) waded further with me touching my lodging with your Highness at Chelsea, which I denied lodging with your Highness, and this point stood with her for a long time; till at last she told me further tokens, which made me change

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colour, who like a false wench, took me with the manner."[1]

As Queen Katherine was an accomplished and highly educated woman, and favoured the Reformed religion, she was not thought an unfitting person to continue in charge of the Princess Elizabeth, who was now fourteen.[2]

The Palace of Chelsea, perhaps owing to the healthiness of the place, had been the home of Anna Boleyn's daughter ever since she was four years old, and she was now going through that comprehensive course of instruction which had lately been deemed desirable for ladies of high birth. A portrait taken of Elizabeth in her youth, represents her as a fair-haired girl, "somewhat sicklied o'er by the pale cast of thought." Nicholas Throckmorton, who continued after the death of Henry to be cup-bearer to Katherine, writes :—

[1] This is not the original spelling.

[2] Edward, when Prince, wrote to Queen Katherine in Latin, French, and English; he speaks of the beauty of her letters, and the imagination in them.

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"Elizabeth there sojourning for a time,
Gave fruitful hope of blossom's bloom in prime.

"For as this lady was a princess born,
So she in princely virtues did excel;
Humble she was, and no degree would scorn
To talk with poorest souls she liked well:
The sweetest violets bend nearest to the ground
The greatest states in lowliness abound.

"If some of us that waited on the Queen
Did aught for her, she passed in thankfulness.
I wondered at her answers, which have been
So fitly placed in perfect readiness.
She was disposed to mirth in company,
Yet still regarding civil modesty."

Throckmorton also speaks in high terms of the Lord Admiral, who seems to have been a handsome, daring, jovial fellow—well able to conceal his want of principle, and a great favourite with the ladies. It fell in with the Admiral's ambitious views to have magnificent surroundings, and so Throckmorton admiringly writes:—

"Her house was deemed a second Court of right,
Because there flocked still nobility;

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He spared no cost his lady to delight,
Or to maintain her princely royalty."[1]

Latimer said that Seymour was "a man furthest from the fear of God that ever he knew or heard of in England," and he was

[1] These lines aretaken from "Throckmorton's Ghost," or the legend of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, which seems to have been written by his nephew. Speaking of the Admiral's fall it continues :—

"When men surmised that he would mount on high,
And seek the second time aloft to match,
Ambitious hearts did sheer him then too nigh ;
Off went his head ; they made a quick despatch,
But ever since I thought him sure a beast
Whoe causeless laboured to defile his neste."

Throckmorton was a time-server. He sent Mary information of Edward's death, and Elizabeth of Mary's. He was made Chief Butler and Chamberlain of the Exchequer, but was afterwards in the Tower for joining the Norfolk rebellion in favour of Mary, Queen of Scots. Towards the end of his life he was again in favour. He owed his original advancement to the Parr family, with which he was connected, and his early life taught him to be respectful to those in power. His uncle lost his lands for opposing Henry's divorce.

Raleigh's imprisonment was partly owing to his having

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certainly a most unsuitable husband for Katherine. He took care to avoid, and was believed to despise the "common prayer" which that excellent woman caused morning and evening to to be celebrated in the Palace. His designing character rendered Elizabeth's residence here most unfortunate. Katherine Parr was about thirty-five years old, but, notwithstanding his marriage and the disparity of age, the Admiral still entertained hopes that he might yet be allied to the Princess, and tried in every way to become unduly familiar with her. At first he managed sometimes to get his wife unconsciously to assist him, and thus we read of them both tickling Elizabeth in bed and of the Admiral cutting her dress into a hundred pieces while the Queen held her. But he went further when he was alone with her, and carried on something almost approaching to persecution. Mrs. Ashley, her governess, who was married to

seduced the daughter of this Sir Nicholas, whom he afterwards married.

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a relation of Anna Boleyn, made the following admissions upon her examination: "At Chelsea, the Lord Admiral, incontinent after he was married to the Queen, would come many mornings into the Lady Elizabeth's chamber before she was ready, and sometimes before she rose. And if she were up would bid her good morrow, and ask how she did, and strike her upon the back, or buttocks, familiarly, and so go forth through her lodging; and sometimes go through to the maidens, and play with them, and so forth. And if she were in her bed, he would put open the curtains and bid her good morrow, and make as though he would come at her; and she would go farther in the bed, so that he could not come at her. And one morning he strave to have kissed her in her bed, and this examinate was there, and bade him go away for shame." [1]

"Another time at Chelsey, the Lady

[1] At Seymour Place we are told that he would sometimes come to the door of her room, as soon as he was up, "in his night-gown, and bare-legged;" but it must

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Elizabeth hearing the privy lock undo, knowing that he would come in, ran out of her bed to her maidens, and then went behind the curtain of her bed, the maidens being there, and my Lord tarried to have her come out she cannot tell how long. She told the Lord Admiral these things were complained of, whereupon he swore, 'God's precious soul! he meant no evil.'"

At the same time he seems to have treated the Queen harshly,[1] and to have affected to be jealous because upon one occasion as he came upstairs to see the Queen he met with a groom of the chamber upon the stairs with a coal-basket, coming out of the room, the door of which had been shut.

Mrs. Ashley, however, found many solid reasons for subduing her indignation against

be borne in mind that these "confessions" were not made until his opponents were in the ascendant, and something, also, must be allowed for the coarseness of the times.

[1] When dying, she whispered to the Lord Admiral:—"You have given me many shrewd taunts."

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the Admiral, and not opposing his interests. She told Elizabeth that if he had been able to have had his will, he would have married her instead of the Queen, and Lady Somerset found fault with her for allowing the Princess to go in a night barge on the Thames, and for other light behaviour. Elizabeth, who was little more than a child, probably saw no great harm in the Admiral's jokes and romps, and although she did not always like them, became gradually familiar with him, and while Mrs. Ashley thought that he loved Elizabeth "but too well," her husband bade her beware, for that the Princess did have some affection for the Admiral, and sometimes would blush when he was mentioned.

But Katherine, who had done so much for Seymour was not inclined to regard his conduct so calmly, nor to consider it so venial. She awoke from her "Prayers and Meditations," and her "Lamentations of a Sinner,"[1] and suspecting that the Admiral

[1] Works written by Katherine Parr.

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went often to see Elizabeth came suddenly upon them, and found her in his arms! Thereupon she attacked both, accused the Princess of levity, and actually pretended that she had seen her in another man's embraces. The quarrel that ensued led to the Princess leaving the house, either at her own desire, or at the request of the Queen. She was removed from Chelsea to Cheshunt a week after Whitsuntide in 1548. The Admiral, after the death of his wife, whom some thought he poisoned, went again to Chelsea to confer with Mrs. Cheke. He again made secret overtures to Elizabeth and inquiries about her property; and this, together with other misconduct,[1] led to his attainder and eventual execution, and to the publicity of the above and a variety of other details, which would never otherwise have come to light. It does not appear that Elizabeth was wholly averse to the Admiral's suit, though she absolutely refused

[1] He not only committed frauds on the Mint, but even contemplated carrying off the King.

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to give any promise without the consent of the Council—a fact which sufficiently exonerates her from having been much committed with him. At the same time, we can easily understand that when she heard that Mrs. Ashley and her "Cofferer" were put in the Tower to be examined—"She was marvelous abashede and ded weype very tenderly a long Tyme, demandyng of my Lady Browne wether they had confessed anything." Writing to the Protector, she says, "Ther goeth rumers abroade wiche be greatly ageaste my Honour and Honestie. . . . . My Lord, these ar shameful schandlers." She seems to have been greatly displeased at the appointment of another governess in the place of Mrs. Ashley, who she said hath taken great labour and pains to bring her up in honour and honesty. It would be unfair to say Mrs. Ashley would ever have countenanced any immoral conduct in her pupil. We are not surprised to hear that all these inquiries and disclosures cost Elizabeth a severe illness.

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Another person remarkable for her misfortunes, resided for a time at Chelsea with Queen Katherine, both before and after her marriage with Seymour. This was Lady Jane Grey, now in her eleventh year, but already devoted to study, and glad to escape from the severe rule of her father and mother, who had no sympathy with such tastes. On one occasion, when she was fourteen, we find them hunting in the Park, while their daughter was sitting in the house reading the Phædon of Plato. It was not unnatural that Lady Jane should like to be at Chelsea Palace with the accomplished and Protestant Queen, who was also the widow of her grand-uncle, Henry VIII. After the death of Katherine, Seymour, always trying to seize every avenue to power, bribed Lord Dorset to let his daughter remain with him. It is difficult to say what his designs were with regard to her—he told the father that he might unite her to young King Edward. Some think that he really intended her for his

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nephew, Lord Hertford, while it is just possible that he might have thought of marrying her himself, as he seemed to have little appreciation of his years. Much has been written about the acquirements of Lady Jane Grey. She seems to have written Latin with ease, and introduced Greek and Hebrew quotations into her letters.

John Dudley—a man of overweening ambition[1]—so far managed to ingratiate himself with Henry VIII. that he was appointed one of that monarch's executors. Following the same system he became one of the most powerful men in the reign of Edward VI., and he even induced the young King to make him Duke of Northumberland, after the ancient title had become extinct by the death of the sixth Earl, and the attainder of his brother. This Dudley was always fond of splendour and gallantry, and, in the jousts held in 1541, figures as the

[1] Probably a descendant of Lord Dudley, though some have said that his grandfather was a carpenter. His father was one of the Ministers of Henry VII. and was beheaded.

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principal challenger sumptuously attired, and riding a superb charger housed in white velvet. To such a man the possession of a royal palace would seem not undesirable, especially when the residence was associated with Henry VIII., Katherine Parr, and with Lady Jane Grey.[1] He obtained a grant of the Manor of Chelsea on the death of Katherine Parr, and thus a few months after the Princess Elizabeth had left this palace it became the occasional home of the Duchess, whose fifth son, Robert, then a boy of sixteen, was eventually the celebrated Earl of Leicester. When the Duke proclaimed Lady Jane as Queen, young Robert joined the standard of his father and brother, and after narrowly escaping execution, was released from prison in 1554. His father was beheaded and his estates confiscated.

The Duchess was a daughter of Sir Edward Guildford, and the meanness of Queen Mary in taking possession of her wardrobe shows us the grandeur in which

[1] To whom he had married his fourth son.

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the Dudleys were accustomed to live. In the list furnished we find not only dresses of satin and of wrought velvet, black, crimson and purple, but embroidery of "love lace of gold and silver," and large pieces of cloth of gold; all of which, especially the last, were at that time most costly fabrics. Afterwards the Queen, at the intercession of Don Diego de Mondeça, restored to the Duchess some portion of her property. She died at Chelsea in 1554. From her will we may conclude that she kept up Chelsea Palace in something like its former magnificence, for she mentions "the green and gold hangings in the gallery in the Manor House, waterside, Chelsea, with her lord's arms and her own." These "hangings" were, no doubt, suspended over the walls instead of tapestry. Upon the floor of this gallery there was a Turkey carpet, and we also read of a chair of state and cushion covered with wrought green velvet. The Duchess' bed-chamber seems to have been also magnificent, for she had "verdere"

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hangings in it, and such ornamental articles as a "tawny velvet jewel coffer." Among her jewellery black enamelled rings are mentioned, and she had several clocks. She left to her daughter, Mary Sidney, her gown of black barred velvet, furred with sable, and a gown with a high back of fair wrought velvet; to her daughter, Katherine Hastings, a summer gown and a kirtle of new purple velvet to it and sleeves; and to Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Cobham, a gown of black barred velvet, furred with lizards." Altogether she left ten gowns of wrought velvet.[1] She seems to have been very fond of green, even to the green parrot she bequeathed to the Duchess of Elva, "having nothing else worthy of her." She adds the following directions :—"My will is,

[1] It would be curious to inquire whether she still possessed any of the robes of the late Duke and Duchess of Somerset, which, on the death and attainder of that nobleman, had fallen to the Crown, and had been given out to the Duchesses of Suffolk and Northumberland at the wedding of Lady Jane Grey.

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earnestly and effectually, that little solemnitie be made for me, for I had ever a thousand foldes my debts to be paide, and the poore to be given unto, than anye pompe to be showed unto my wretched carkes; therefore to the wormes will I goe, as I have afore written in all poynts, as you will answer it afore God; and you break one jot of it, your wills hereafter may chaunce to be well broken." Notwithstanding this, her obsequies were conducted with great pomp at Chelsea—two heralds attended; there were seventy-two torches carried, and her waxen effigy was borne under a canopy upon her bier, as in royal funerals. A stately monument was also erected to her against the south wall of More's Chapel, where it can still be seen. It consisted of four carved canopies supported by five pillars; upon the back of the recess were brasses, one representing the Duchess attired in a surcoat, on which her arms were emblazoned, quartering West, La Warre (quartering Cantilupe) Mortimer and Grelle.

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Part of the enamel has outlasted three centuries, and the brass of the Duchess and her five daughters remains; but that of her eight sons has disappeared.[1] Her eldest daughter became the mother of Sir Philip Sydney; her eldest son was killed at the siege of Boulogne, and her seventh at the siege of St. Quentin. Two sons died in childhood, and in Mary's reign all those surviving were imprisoned; one being afterwards executed.[2] In the Tower there is a beautiful bas-relief cut on the wall by one of them, representing the Bear and Ragged Staff surrounded by a wreath of acorns, geraniums, roses and honeysuckles, said to be for the four incarcerated brothers, Ambrose, Guildford, Robert and Henry.[3]

[1] An attempt was lately made to steal the other brass.

[2] John was imprisoned, but died immediately.

[3] There is, a little above Ormond Row, in Smith Street, a large old house, now a ladies' school, whose site, in the old maps, is occupied by the "Ship House," supposed to have been a tavern. The age of this house is shown by

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One of the royal personages painted by Holbein was Anne of Cleves, who, towards the end of her life, lived at the Palace of Chelsea. His work, in this case, has been much criticised; some maintain that he had received a hint from Cromwell to make the

the infirmity of its walls, which, although massive, have bulged inwardly, and would have fallen had they not been strengthened. It was evidently a place of importance, and stands back behind a broad gravel road and green sward. There are eleven large windows in front on the first floor, and a fine massive oaken door, the jambs of which are adorned with carving. The entrance hall is nearly square, and the grand staircase is above seven feet wide, with twisted balusters and low steps. All the rooms are panelled, large, and lofty.

Strange to say, the history of this house has been entirely lost, and we can only conjecture that it may, on the destruction of the Palace, have received the name of the Duke of Northumberland's London house. This would account for the tradition that Katherine of Arragon lived here after her divorce, and that Lady Jane Grey was taken to prison from hence; Katherine Parr and Lady Jane having been really connected with the Palace of Chelsea. I have added this notice, as the lease of this house will expire this year, and it will probably be removed.

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future Queen appear beautiful; while others assert that, if so, he certainly did not obey the direction, but represented her as ill-favoured, as she was in reality. She arrived in England in December 1539, amid salvoes of artillery and hurricanes of wind. Henry went eagerly down to Rochester with an ample present, to gladden his eyes with a sight of one who, he was led to suppose, was a bright combination of personal charms, Protestant principles, and German support. But, alas! when were profit and pleasure ever united? Perhaps it would have been difficult for anyone to satisfy the ideal in the King's mind; but for her—this heavy, bad-complexioned, burly woman! He did not stay to speak twenty words to her, especially as he did not understand her language, but entered his barge and hurried back to Greenwich. She was ungainly, had "unpleasant airs," and all that could be said in favour of her was that she had a "queenly manner." Moreover, she understood no language but Dutch, and could

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not play upon any musical instrument. In Germany accomplishments were not thought fit for young ladies; but were considered to conduce to levity and dissipation.[1] Henry, however, married her bravely from political motives; but he never consorted with the "Flanders mare," and their union was shortly afterwards annulled. Being as gentle as she was ill-favoured, she took no offence at such treatment, and even wrote to her brother that she was satisfied. Her disappointment and generosity were accordingly taken into consideration. She was given precedence next to the Queen, and

[1] Wotton, writing to King Henry VIII., says that the "cowrte rapporte her to be of verye lowlye and gentyll condicions. She occupiethe her tyme moste with the nedyll. She can read and write, but understands not languages, nor can she sing, or play any instrument. Your Grace's servant, Hanze Albein, had taken effigies of Ladye Anne and the Ladye Annelye, and hath expressyd theyr images verye lyvelye." The close-shaped cap of the periodd not allow any hair to be seen, and was very unbecoming to her.

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large estates and palaces were granted her.[1] Probably she was familiar with this palace during the time the Duke of Northumberland held it, for he was her Master of the Horse, and this may have led to her residing here towards the end of her life. We read that she died an old maid at the "King and Queen's Majesty's Palace at Chelsey" in 1557. Her body was brought in great state from the Palace by land to Westminster, passing by St. James's and Charing Cross, accompanied by a long procession, and by a hundred of her servants bearing torches. "At the church door all did alight, and the Bishop of London, and the Abbot in their mitres and copes did receive the good lady, crossing her." After the Requiem, on the following day, she was carried to her tomb, and laid under a cloth of gold; "and there all her officers break

[1] She was with Mary and Elizabeth at their entrance into London at Mary's coronation, and sat with them at the banquet given on that occasion.

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their staves, and all her servants break their rods, and cast them into her tomb."

Chelsea saw much of the melancholy splendour of funerals in the Autumn of this year, for in November, three months later, John, Lord Bray, was buried here with great ceremony. He was the son of Edmund, Lord Bray, who succeeded to most of the property of his uncle, Sir Reginald, by whose first cousin, Lord Sandys acquired Chelsea Manor. The two Lords Bray were interred here, and their oblong altar tomb, resembling a large stone coffin, now without either brass or inscription, still remains in the North side of the chancel in Chelsea Church. The body of the later lord, after lying in state at Blackfriars, where he died, was conveyed by water to Chelsea. The procession is thus described:

"Fyrst the crosse, and on eyther side the 2 whyte branches borne by two clerks—then 24 clerks and 8 prysts—then Edward Merlyon, his hood on his head, bearing the

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Standerde;—after hym S^r^ Richard Wheyrley and S^r^ Richard Harrys, chapleyns, in theyre gownes and typpets; then Sir Thomas Udall with the banner of Armes; after hym Rudge Dragon, with the helme and creste; then Rychemonde, with the cote of armes;—and after him Garter; then the corpse as afore borne by 6 of his men—and on the one syde went Francis Sawnders with the banner of the trynyteye, and on thother syde, Tryamor Smyth with St. George, bothe of them having their hoodes on theyr heads—and along on both sides were 18 staffe torchys carried by 18 poore men in black gownes. The next aftre the corpse as chiefe morner went Sir George Broke and Mr. Thomas Lyefylde; and last Mr. Edmonde Bray and Mr. Hatche; and aftre them all other comers; in which order they proceeded to the Bridge at the Blackfriars, where was the greate barges coverd with black, garnyshed with schoocheons, thone for the morners, and gentlemen, thother for the body, quere, hatchments, and others."

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Thus the mournful procession moved slowly up the river, singing old chants, masses, and requiems. At Chelsea, they disembarked, with their long line of banners and torch-bearers. We have a detailed account of the ceremonies in the church, and of the discourse of "Father Peryn, a black freer," upon the text, "I know that he shall rise again in the resurrection in the last day." "He declayred how Chryste raised Lazarus from deathe, seying howe he was a gentleman given to chyvalrie for the welthe of hys country, and so he said that noble man which lay dead was, in whose commendacion amonge many other things he fynished his sermonde."

These ancient records of the funeral of the second Lord Bray are the more interesting at the present time, as after a lapse of three hundred years the Honourable A. T. Townshend Wyatt-Edgell has lately been summoned to Parliament as third Lord Bray.

(When Miss Strickland visited Chelsea in

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1841, Howard, of whom we shall speak hereafter, was living at the clock-houses, and told her he remembered a room in the Palace called Queen Elizabeth's nursery. She was also fortunate enough to find some traces of the old palace walls on the northern part of the garden of Mr. Druce, who lived at No. 26, Cheyne Walk.[1] The postern gate, through which Admiral Seymour had passed, was still in existence, "the antique hinges may still be seen in the old wall." She also saw in Mr. Handford's adjoining garden, "the little stone basin used as a fish-pond in Queen Katherine's pleasure ground." Faulkner tells us that the walls of the palace garden were entire in his time. But since then Oakley Crescent has been built on the site of the northern portion of Mr. Druce's garden; the postern gate, with its old hinges and niche is gone, and also some old mulberry and cork trees, traditionally reported to have been planted by Queen Elizabeth.

[1] Part of the old side walls seem to remain.

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Miss Strickland writes :—

"Some of the noble trees in Mr. Druce's garden seem coeval with that epoch, and are perhaps the same under whose budding verdure Queen Katherine was accustomed to hold her secret meetings with her adventurous lover."

Mr. Howell, whose family has been long resident in Chelsea, tells me that he remembers in the grounds of Winchester House a high leaden cistern, about twelve feet wide, and surrounded with grotesque figures, and bearing a date commencing with 15—. This may have been Miss Strickland's "fish-pond," and was doubtless the receptacle of the water brought through the pipes laid by Henry VIII. from Kensington to the Palace at Chelsea.

There were several "conduits," or fountains, along the course covered with small square buildings—not unlike that still to be seen inside the Piccadilly railings near Albert Gate—and one in Crom-

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well Lane (now Cromwell Road), and another a little below the South Kensington railway station existed to the middle of this century.)

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CHAPTER V.

Lord William Howard—His Devotion to Mary—He befriends Elizabeth—Successes and Honours of his Son—The Earl of Shrewsbury—Custodian of Mary Queen of Scots—Ambition of his Countess—The Marquess of Winchester—Lord Burleigh—The Queen's Elm—Sir Arthur Gorges.

ONE of those to whose firmness and loyalty Queen Mary was largely indebted, during the disturbances at the commencement of her reign, was Lord William Howard, the son of the Duke of Norfolk. He had been in high favour with Henry VIII., and with Edward VI., who employed him on important and confidential missions,[1] and he now remained faithful to

[1] He was sent to Muscovy in 1553; our first ambassador to Russia.

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the elder sister of the King, representing the direct succession. When Northumberland collected the peers to sign their adherence to the exclusion of Mary and Elizabeth from the throne, Lord William Howard and Lord Derby were conspicuously absent. When Henry II. of France wrote to Howard, then Governor of Calais, offering, in professed accordance with Northumberland's wishes, to garrison Calais and Guisnes for him, the reply given was "that the French might come if they desired, but their reception might not be to their taste." Soon afterwards, when Wyatt raised the Kentish Rebellion, and disaffection was spreading among the Queen's troops, the intrepidity of Howard saved the royal cause. The insurgent leader, looking at night for a weak point in the defences of London, found Howard himself on the alert, keeping guard on the other side of the drawbridge; and when, relying on sympathizers in the City, he attempted to march in at Lud gate, he again encountered Howard,

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who, exclaiming, " Avaunt traitor, thou shalt not come in here," closed the gates against him. Such devotion at a critical juncture was not unrewarded by Mary, who two months afterwards made Lord William Howard Baron of Effingham. The fears and weakness of Mary and her Ministers suggested many suspicions as to the persons connected with the Kentish rising. Even the homely Anne of Cleves was regarded with some misgivings, but Elizabeth was considered to be undoubtedly guilty. Wyatt, while he yet thought he might save his life, was base enough to give some countenance to reports against her, intimating that there had been some communication between them, but finding it availed him nothing, he, on the scaffold, boldly and honestly retracted what he had said. Nevertheless, Renard, the Minister to England of Charles V., pressed for Elizabeth's execution, and Gardiner laboured to obtain some proofs against her, torturing his victims to extort information. She was ordered to be brought

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from Ashridge to London to be imprisoned in Whitehall, and the execution of this duty was committed to Sir Edward Hastings, Sir Thomas Cornwallis, and the trusty Lord William Howard.

There seems to have been something gentle and pleasing in the manner of the young Princess, which had an influence upon those brought into contact with her; and perhaps her resignation in her trying position may have moved the heart of the old statesman. She was suffering both in body and mind, and they had to rest several days on the road. From this time Lord William's conduct was changed—perhaps, being no eager partizan, he resented the unjust course adopted by Mary. When the Princess was committed to the Tower and her friends apprehended that she might be murdered, Howard became more vigilant. In the then divided state of the country, he was almost able to command as a dictator. Being Lord High Admiral, the whole naval power of the kingdom was at his command,

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and as the men were not too well affected towards the Government, it would have been an easy matter in the delicate relations existing with France to take them over to the side of the enemy. The Queen, also, was interested in a more tender way; her beloved Philip was coming from Spain, and she feared that the Admiral might surreptitiously seize him, and immure him in some castle in France.[1]

How much Elizabeth owed at this time to the power and good will of Howard it is difficult to estimate. He prevented her being sent to Pomfret Castle, and when she was liberated and went to see the Queen at Hampton Court, he made the courtiers kneel and kiss her hand—much to the displeasure of Mary. But the course of action he now adopted immersed him in so many difficulties that toward the end of Mary's

[1] Several celebrated Lords High Admirals lived at Chelsea. John Dudley, Duke of Northumberland, held this office, as, at this time, landsmen were not thought unfit for naval service.

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reign he longed to resign his office and retire to the continent. Upon the accession of Elizabeth the Admiral received the rewards of his fidelity.[1] He was made a Knight of the Garter, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Privy Seal. The husband of his only child, by his first wife, succeeded as the third Marquis of Winchester; it is probable, therefore, that this daughter was often at Chelsea, where the first Marquess was living in More's house at a very advanced age, and that her half-brother (the eldest son of Lord Howard's second wife) thus came to be acquainted with the advantages of the locality.

After the death of the Duchess of Northumberland, and an interval of four years (during which Anne of Cleves died at the Palace), the Manor was given for life to the Duchess of Somerset,[2] who held it until

[1] He made great endeavours to have Calais restored to England. But Henry II. said that, if Calais were given back, it should be restored to Mary Stuart.

[2] Elizabeth gave the advowson of Chelsea to the

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1588. But we find that the palace was from 1581 tenanted by the second Lord Howard, son of Elizabeth's stanch supporter, and thus between the two large houses at Chelsea a connection was established of some duration. He was four years younger than the Queen, and was born in the very year (1536) that Henry built the palace he was destined to occupy. Through life he was one of Elizabeth's principal friends and counsellors. He was made Chamberlain; and in 1587 after the conspiracy against Elizabeth had been discovered, and when the Protestant party were loudly demanding the execution of Mary, Queen of Scots, he took upon himself the invidious task of

Duchess of Somerset, and it afterwards came into the possession of the Earl of Nottingham.

It is remarkable that the widows of two great rivals, whose husbands both died upon the scaffold, should have succeeded each other in the possession of this royal residence, and we may well suppose that the latter Duchess would have wished to obliterate all traces of her predecessor, whose husband had been the cause of her own untimely bereavement.

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pressing the Queen to bring matters to a conclusion. In consequence of his representations, and of the uncertain directions given by Elizabeth, Lord Burghley called a Council at which Lord Howard was present, and where Mary's death was decided upon. The following year he greatly distinguished himself in defeating the Spanish Armada. He was several times associated in commands with Raleigh, and Elizabeth considered him to have been especially sent for the preservation of the kingdom. But Fuller attributes his naval successes to his following the advice of others, and thinks that his "proper person" had some influence with Elizabeth, "who, though she did not value a jewel by, valued it more for a fair case."

During all this critical period Howard's usual abode was at Chelsea,[1] where he was very conveniently situated between the

[1] Probably he had a lease of the Palace from the Duchess of Somerset. He did not obtain a lease from the Crown till 1592.

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royal residences in Richmond and London. Towards the end of her life, the Queen paid him a visit here nearly every year, one as early as 1581; another was in 1585, shortly after Lord Howard had been appointed Lord High Admiral. In 1587 we find ringers at Lambeth paid one shilling and sixpence, "when the Queen came to dine with my Lord Admiral at Chelsea;" and the bells of St. Margaret's, Westminster, were rung the same day, when the Queen went from my Lord Admiral to Richmond.

Nichols also records that the Queen came to dine here from Greenwich the next year. In 1597 Lord Howard was created Earl of Nottingham for the taking of Cadiz —an elevation which gave great offence to Essex, who had assisted in the capture. This and other slights, real or imaginary, excited the irritable temper of the latter nobleman, and led eventually to his destruction. The French Ambassador, Boissise, who had orders to intercede for him writes:—

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"Having been informed that the Queen would return to this city the day before yesterday, I went to meet her at Chelsea, where she had already arrived to dinner. The Admiral had invited me as a guest, and received me with all possible courtesy."

On the 13th of November, 1599, the bells of St. Margaret's were rung when the Queen came from Richmond to Westminster. She was met by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Sheriffs of London, in scarlet, and the Commons, "a great number in velvet coats, and chaines of golde, all well mounted on horseback." We are told that on this occasion her Majesty, "only dined at my Lord Admiral's, where she found everything to her liking."

Elizabeth, as Fuller remarks, was observant of personal appearance. She ordered all deformed persons to be removed from her sight, and the Lord Mayor in issuing orders for the above-mentioned reception of her Majesty, calls upon the Stationers to

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send six of the comeliest personages of the company on horseback provided with torches to the Park corner above St. James's.

From the Sydney papers we learn that on the 19th of January, (Saturday), 1600, "Her Majesty dined at Chelsey at my Lord of Nottinghams. It is thought she will stay there till Monday. She took with her but the Lord of Worcester, Sir John Stanhope,[1] and two or three ladies." We read in the Cabala. "Thither are gone 200, 400, and 24.[2] An opinion is held that counsellors and offices shall be made and bestowed there, but I will not believe it. The Lord Treasurer, the Lord Keeper, Mr. Chancellor,

[1] Afterwards Lord Stanhope, to whom this very Palace had been granted on the Duchess of Somerset's death in 1588. Lord Howard seems to have occupied it as early as 1581. Sir John Stanhope was a gentleman of the Privy Chamber to Elizabeth. His daughter married Sir Lionel Talmach, ancestor of the Earls of Dysart. She was baptized at Chelsea in 1593.

[2] Sir R. Cecil, 200; Lord Cobham, 400; Sir Walter Raleigh, 24.

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were going to Richmond, but stayed till they see what the Queen will do, and to-morrow they will go where the Queen will be. My Lady Rich went to Richmond to-day, but lost her labor, for her Majesty was ready to come away to Chelsey."

Perhaps Elizabeth still felt some affection for the palace, which had been the home of her childhood; for the past always seems brighter than the present. She certainly remembered Mrs. Ashley with pleasure, and wished to have her again with her in Mary's reign, but that jealous Queen, on hearing of her desire, imprisoned the lady in the Fleet. She did not even regard the memory of rude old Admiral Seymour with aversion, for after her accession Sir John Harrington presented her with a portrait of him, accompanied with some laudatory verses. Lord Howard, Earl of Nottingham, the friend of Elizabeth's early years, seems to have exercised his influence for the advancement of Parker, his kinsman, who was made Archbishop. It has been said that

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the only time when she was, or affected to be, seriously displeased with him, was when his wife, in her last moments, confessed that, by his advice, she had retained the ring Essex had to send. The Earl, distrustful of those about him, had thrown the ring out of the window to a boy who was passing, and asked him to carry it to Lady Scroope; but he, by mistake, took it to her sister, Lady Nottingham. The Admiral was an enemy of Essex, and forbade her to forward it to the Queen. Elizabeth, on hearing this, exclaimed: "May God forgive you! but I never can."[1] However, her indignation was short-lived, for when she was dying, soon afterwards, and made herself worse by sitting up, the Lord Admiral was sent for, who, by pressure and persuasion, induced her to go to bed. Lord Nottingham married a second time, and had a daughter

[1] A ring was often used at that time as a token. Elizabeth was thus assured of Mary's death by Throckmorton, and James of Elizabeth's by Lord Monmouth; but the above story has no historical value.

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born at Chelsea, when he was in his eightieth year.

But Elizabeth had more than one friend at Chelsea; more than one courtier who found this a convenient situation. The Earls of Shrewsbury had been connected with the place since the reign of Henry VIII. The Earl of that date had built a house here, in which he occasionally resided, and here his sixth son, by his first wife, was born. His grandson, who now held the house, and whose sister was married to John, Lord Bray, became one of the principal actors in the tragedy of Mary, Queen of Scots. It might, at first, seem remarkable that a man who was almost a Romanist should have been entrusted with her, and that she should have been allowed to live at his country seat. But there was a desire that the Catholic party, at home and abroad, should feel that she was not in untrustworthy hands. Lord Shrewsbury was one of the wealthiest and most powerful of the English nobles, and so great was his

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influence that, when Elizabeth, soon afterwards, removed him to place a stricter guard upon her rival, he demanded and obtained that Mary should be again committed to his care. Afterwards, he treated his royal prisoner as a guest; allowed her cloth of state, and showed her so much consideration that his wife asserted that there was an improper intimacy between them. This led to an inquiry being demanded, which ended in the Countess being forced to acknowledge, on her knees, that she had stated falsehoods. Elizabeth, however, thereupon gave him a command in Lancashire, on receiving which he thanked her Majesty for relieving him of two "she devils." Although he had at first been in favour of Mary, by degrees, as her custodian, he had grown weary of her plots and intrigues; and that he was, finally, thoroughly in Elizabeth's interest may be concluded from his having been appointed, in conjunction with the Earl of Kent, to see Mary's death-warrant executed.

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The Countess, of whom her husband spoke so disrespectfully, was one of the most ambitious and intriguing women of her time. She was a co-heiress of John Hardwick of Hardwick, and having married three rich husbands, whose fortunes she managed to obtain, finally united herself to the Earl of Shrewsbury. After building the three magnificent residences of Chatsworth, Oldcotes, and Hardwick, she left her immense property to Henry Cavendish, whence it devolved upon his brother, Sir William Cavendish, first Earl of Devonshire. She arranged with Mary, Queen of Scots, for a marriage between Lord Charles Stuart, Darnley's brother, and Elizabeth Cavendish, Lady Shrewsbury's daughter by her first husband. All was done secretly, but both Lord Charles and his bride died the next year. A daughter, however, was left—Lady Arabella Stuart—whom Lady Shrewsbury wished to set up as heir to the throne. Elizabeth was much displeased at these pro-

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ceedings, and when Leicester went to Buxton for the baths, and the designing Countess of Shrewsbury entertained him sumptuously at Chatsworth, the Queen wrote a sarcastic letter to her, saying that "she would be indebted for Leicester's entertainment; but that he would not be allowed more than two ounces of meat a day, and the twentieth part of a pint of wine; and on festivals, the shoulder of a wren for dinner, and a leg for his supper. His brother, the Earl of Warwick, should not even be allowed the other leg for his supper."

This enterprising lady contrived to marry her eldest son to Lord Shrewsbury's third daughter: and his eldest son, Gilbert, afterwards Earl of Shrewsbury, to her third daughter. The young Countess seems to have inherited something of her mother's spirit; and in 1592 she sent a message to Sir Thomas Stanhope, which, from its remarkable character has been preserved.

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It was faithfully delivered by a Mr. Williamson in the following terms: "My lady hath commanded me to say thus much to you, 'That though you be more wretched, vile and miserable than any creature living; and for your wickedness become more ugly in shape than the vilest toad in the world; and one to whom none of reputation would vouchsafe to send any message; yet she hath thought good to send thus much to you—that she be contented you should live (and doth no ways wish your death) but to this end; that all the plagues and miseries that may befall any man may light upon such a caitiff as you are; and that you should live to have all your friends forsake you; and without your great repentance, which she looketh not for, because your life hath been so bad, you will be damned perpetually in hell fire.'"

Lord Shrewsbury had large possessions in various parts of England. He died in 1590, and was buried at Sheffield. It is

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not impossible that towards the end of his life he let his house at Chelsea; if this was so, we should surmise that Shrewsbury House was that occupied by Ambrose, the eldest surviving brother of Leicester, whom the Queen had restored to his father's earldom, and to the Castle of Warwick, and also made Chief Butler of England.[1] He might naturally wish to live in the locality where his mother, the Duchess of Northumberland, had been so well known, and where his early life had been spent. We find that he had a house here, and entertained royalty. On the 30th January, 1589, "the Queen's Majesty came from Richmond to Chelsea, and so to Westminster, and was received by the Mayor, Aldermen, and Commoners of the City of London (at the Park corner above St. James's), all on horseback, with the Captains of the City, to the number of forty, betwixt five and six of the clock, by torchlight. On this

[1] He was one of those who sat at Fotheringay on the trial of the Queen of Scots.

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occasion, the bells at Lambeth were rung; and again when the Queen went to my Lord Warwick's, and returned thence to Lambeth."

Lord Warwick (Ambrose Dudley), was a gaunt-visaged man, with a long drooping moustache, so, perhaps, the Queen's restriction as to his supper was intended for a jest. In 1562 he was given the command in Normandy, and defended Newhaven in France, until, after a brave resistance, he was obliged to surrender, owing to a pestilence in the town. While holding a parley on the ramparts, he was hit with a poisoned bullet, which "consumed his leg; and after he had lived several years in great pain, endured his leg to be sawn from his body, and died in a few days."[1] The Queen's visit seems to have been one of sympathy and condolence, as he died the following month.

[1] Collins' "Memorials of the Sydneys." Lord Warwick's brother, Lord Leicester, married, after Amy Robsart, a sister of the second Lord Howard. He disowned the marriage, and is said to have tried to poison her.

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We afterwards find Shrewsbury House in the possession of the first Earl of Devonshire, son of the second wife of the Earl of Shrewsbury. After remaining in his possession and that of his widow until 1643, it came to Sir Joseph Alston, and is said to have been finally occupied by a paper-stainer, and to have existed at the commencement of this century.[1] The house would have been of sufficient importance for the Earl of Warwick and his royal visitors. It stood facing the river, to the west of the Palace grounds, and was an irregular brick building with gables, forming three sides of a square. Like many of the principal houses of that date, it was only one storey high; but the largest room was one hundred and twenty feet long, and was wainscoted with carved oak. One of the rooms seems to have been an Oratory.

[1] It certainly stood somewhere in this neighbourhood, a little to the west of Winchester House. Its exact site seems doubtful; it may have been nearer Oakley Street than Laurence Street.

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Some curious portraits in panel, which had ornamented the large rooms, were destroyed at the commencement of the present century.[1]

At this time there were five large mansions at Chelsea, viz., the Palace, the Manor House, the house of Sir T. More, enlarged or rebuilt by Lord Salisbury, Stanley House, and Shrewsbury House.[2] The site of the ancient Manor House is still marked by the names Lordship Place and Lordship Yard, designating a row of houses in a narrow street, and a small yard opposite them, near the river, between Cheyne Row and Lawrence Street. Here stood, in early times, the principal out-offices in the neighbourhood—the barns and stables of the Lord of the Manor. To these the destitute often fled to obtain shelter, or other relief, in severe weather, and here not unfrequently they died miserably. This place, also, long

[1] Faulkner.

[2] And also the smaller house of Sir A. Gorges, afterwards Sir W. Millman's.

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continued to be a terror to vagrants and evil-doers, as here stood a cage, and pair of stocks for their improvement. These "state machines," which had been removed elsewhere—probably when the barns and stables were pulled down by Charles Cheyne shortly before 1681—were replaced in the following year. Sir Thomas and Lady Laurence, the latter of whom died in 1723, were the last of the family who resided here; and William, Lord Cheyne, had already in 1706, bought from John Laurence, heir-apparent to the property, "three messuages and gardens on the North side of Lordship Yard," which either included, or appertained to, the old Manor House.

As the Palace and Manor of Chelsea were granted by Charles I. to the Duke of Hamilton, and after that nobleman had been beheaded by Cromwell, were seized and sold by the Parliament, we are able to give a description of the building constructed by Henry VIII., which had probably not been much altered from its original plan.

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We read that it consisted of "three cellars in the first floor, three halls, three parlours, three kitchens, two parlours, larders, and nine other rooms, with a large staircase in the first storey; three drawing-rooms, seventeen chambers, and four closets, with garrets over part of them; and summer rooms, with a bed-room and garden and orchard on the North side of the said capital messuage, and court-yard on the south side thereof; and one stable, and one coach-house, three little gardens, and one parcel of ground enclosed with a brick wall, formerly called the great orchard, now ploughed up."

The palace faced the river; the gardens extended at the back. The whole was enclosed by a brick-wall, and contained rather more than five acres. The site was a little to the East of the present Oakley Street.

Sir Thomas More's house was granted two years after his death to Sir William Paulet, Comptroller and Treasurer of the

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Household. It was convenient that he should be so near the palace, and here he, no doubt, became intimate with Katherine Parr and Lady Jane Grey. Here also he would have been brought into close contact with the Duke of Northumberland—too close perhaps, for it was greatly through his influence, when Marquess of Winchester, that the Duke's project for placing Lady Jane on the throne was foiled. He continued in office under Catholic Mary and Protestant Elizabeth, and when asked the secret of such success replied that it came from his being "a willow, not an oak." He was first raised to the peerage as Baron St. John of Basing, and built the Castle of Basing;[1] and it is remarkable that at the very time Lord Sandys was giving the Manor of Chelsea to the King in exchange for a priory near Basing, Sir W. Paulet of Basing was obtaining a grant of More's

[1] Where Elizabeth was so magnificently entertained. It became in the Civil War such a noted stronghold of Royalists that it was called "Loyalty."

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house. As houses changed so rapidly at Chelsea, it is interesting to find that he held this house for thirty-five years—till 1572. It passed from St. John's widow to Lord Dacre, whose father was executed for murder—a man having been killed in a fray, when he was hunting deer in Lord Pelham's Park. Lord and Lady Dacre have a splendid monument in Chelsea Church, which is kept in excellent preservation, a charitable bequest of Lady Dacre depending upon its being kept in repair.

But the house, built by More, seems to have been destined to be connected with men of learning and genius. Lady Dacre's brother was Thomas Sackville, and he was frequently on a visit at Chelsea, from which some of his letters are dated. As More composed, when young, dramatic pieces for entertainments, so Sackville in early life distinguished himself by writing the first English tragedy, "Gorboduc."[1] Thomas

[1] "Perhaps the first specimen of an heroic tale written in blank verse, and divided into acts and scenes"—*Warton.*

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Norton, who was associated with Sternhold and Hopkins in versifying the Psalms, is said to have assisted him in composing the play. This work was a great step in advance of the time, but soon fell into oblivion. He also wrote the "Induction of Magistrates,"—a work containing much poetic sentiment, but breathing an air of melancholy, such as is not unknown to the spoiled children of fortune, who especially feel that this life is but vanity. Sackville had to perform the painful duty of announcing to Mary, Queen of Scots, that her sentence was confirmed, and of seeing it executed. Having been created Baron Buckhurst, he was eventually made Earl of Dorset. In 1589 he became Treasurer—an office he continued to hold under James. He was a cousin of Anne Boleyn, and thus related to Elizabeth. His father was a Privy Counsellor, and from the money he amassed was facetiously called "Fill Sack," instead of Sackville.

Other men of celebrity soon became pos-

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sessors of More's house, for Lady Dacre having no children left it to the great Lord Burleigh, who resided in the neighbourhood, with remainder to his youngest son. This statesman, destined to occupy so large a space in the history of Elizabeth's reign, was in youth of such studious and sedentary habits that in his later years he suffered severely from gout. Aubrey goes so far as to say that he was once a country schoolmaster. He first became known for his success in a controversy with the Romanists, and his father being yeoman of the Robes, the King desired to see him. He was made Custos Brevium, and afterwards Secretary of State, and no doubt was well acquainted with Katherine Parr. He not only sympathized in her religious views, but had a very high opinion of her talent, as appears in his preface to her work, "The Lamentations of a Sinner,"[1] which he edited

[1] In this she calls the Bishop of Rome Pharaoh, and says, "He is a greater persecutor of all true Christians than ever was Pharaoh of the children of Israel. He

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in 1563. He was acquainted with Elizabeth when she was a girl, and corresponded with her during Mary's life. Afterwards she sometimes went to see him, as he generally lived at Brompton Hall. This house belonged some few years since to the Rev. T. Griffiths, and was in fair preservation, so that we could picture to ourselves the home of Burleigh with which Elizabeth was familiar. But the meetings between the witty Queen and the astute statesman have been commemorated rather by a tree than a hall; and a story is told, apparently with good foundation, that one day while they were walking together near his house a shower came on, and they took refuge under an elm. When the rain was over, and they emerged from the hospitable shelter, Burleigh said, "Let this tree be called the *Queen's Elm*, and so it was as long as it lived. It was mentioned by this name in the parish books of Chelsea in 1586, and had an arbour

brings many souls to hell with his alchemy and counterfeit money, but so much the greater shall be his damnation."

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built round it by a person named Bostock at the charge of the parish.

Burleigh seems to have made over his property at Chelsea to his younger son, Robert, who rebuilt the house, wishing, perhaps, to vie with the neighbouring palace, and to have a place worthy of receiving the Queen, who came to dine with his neighbour, Lord Howard. His initials long remained upon the pipes, and upon other parts of the house.

It is well known that Elizabeth was very economical in her state expenditure. Even when the Spanish Invasion was imminent, the British Fleet was so sparingly equipped that Lord Howard had to provide wine for the sick sailors out of his own pocket. At the same time the nobility was greatly impoverished by entertaining the Queen upon her progresses. Lord Burleigh speaks of his own losses from this cause, and has recorded that the grants he received from the Queen did not pay his expenses in attending on her; his fee as Treasurer not even sufficing

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for his stables. At the same time her Majesty was not sparing in her personal adornment; she was brave in wigs, paint, and ruffles, had thousands of rich dresses, and was a dropping fountain of jewellery. It became the custom to make her costly presents, and we find from a list of her New Year's gifts that the Lords of Effingham were not remiss in this respect.

In 1572 the first Lord Howard gave "one flower of gold set with a rose of diamond in the midst, with six diamonds in flowers, and nine rubies in flowers," and in 1575, the second Lord Howard gave "a jewel of gold, being a ship set with a table diamond of five sparks of diamonds, and a small pearl pendant."

In 1589 among the Queen's New Year's gifts we read, "Receyved of Sir Thomas Gorge, Knygte, Gentleman of her Majesties Wardrobe of Robes, one bason, and a laier of silver guilt, faire wroughte the backside of the said bason, and the foot of the laier being white to be guilded 167 oz." Gorge

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had a position in the household similar to that held by Lord Burleigh's father.

In November, 1599, Rowland Whyte, writing to Sir Robert Sydney, says, "As the Queen passed by the fayre new house in Chelsey, Sir Arthur Gorge presented her with a fair jewell."

(It has been supposed that the structure here referred to was that afterwards called Stanley House; but it appears to me that it was that which Bowack in 1705 calls "the Gorges House, an old building at the west end of the town, near the Lindseys." It conferred a right to More's chancel in the church, belonged afterwards to Sir William Millman, and stood on the site of Millman Street.)

We may consider Sir Arthur Gorges as another man of literature, if not of genius, who was connected with the house of More. To him we owe the translation of Bacon's "Wisdom of the Ancients," a work abounding with valuable reflections, and in which, as Archbishop Tenison observes, "the sages

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of former times are rendered more wise than it may be they were." He was intimate with Spenser, who wrote a poem on the death of his first wife. In this "Daphnaida" Gorges is the speaker, and in the character of a shepherd, Alcyon, mourns his lost partner. He calls her his "white lioness," in reference to her connection with the Howards. Changing from this metaphor, he compares her to Elizabeth, and adds:

"She is the rose, the glory of the day,
And mine the primrose in the lowly shade,
Mine! ah, not mine! amiss I mine did say,
Not mine, but his which mine awhile her made;
Mine to be his, with him to live for aye.
O that so fair a flower so soon should fade,
And through untimely tempest fall away!
She fell away in her first age's spring.
While yet her leaf was green, and fresh her rind,
And while her branch fair blossoms forth did bring,
She fell away against all course of kind.
For age to die is right, but youth is wrong,
She fell away like fruit blown down with wind,
Weep, shepherds, weep, to make my undersong."

In the dedication of this poem to the

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Marchioness of Northampton, Spenser speaks of Mr. Arthur Gorges, "a lover of learning and virtue, whose house as your ladyship by marriage has honoured, so do I find the name of them by many notable records to be of great antiquity in this realm, and such as have ever borne themselves with honourable reputation to the world, and unspotted loyalty to their prince and country."

Soon afterwards through Henry Clinton, Earl of Lincoln, whose daughter he had married, Sir Arthur became possessed of Salisbury House, *i.e.*, of the old residence of More, which the Earl of Salisbury, the son of Lord Burleigh, after he had reconstructed, was like many other builders very glad to sell. We may suppose that Gorges did not occupy this grand mansion, for in 1519, four years afterwards, he disposed of it to Lionel Cranfield, who was created in two years Earl of Middlesex. But when parting with this house he retained for his own burial place the mortuary chapel added by More to the parish church, which

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henceforth became dissevered from the residence.

The brass memorial of Sir Arthur Gorges has been lately discovered, and is now placed over the Gorges' tomb. He is represented in half armour, with beard, and drooping ruff edged with lace. Behind him kneel his six sons, and opposite are his wife and five daughters.[1]

When Sir Arthur Gorges sold, in 1619, Salisbury House, it was called the "greatest house in Chelsea." It had—"Two fore great courts adjoining, environed with brick walls, also a wharf lying in front, having a high brick tower on the east and west ends, and a high water-tower standing upon the west corner of the wharf, and the water-course

[1] It appears from the Parish Register that there was a second Sir Arthur Gorges, who died in 1661, and an Arthur Gorges, who died in 1668, apparently the son and grandson of the first Sir Arthur. Bowack records with pride that Arthur Gorges was a friend of the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Rochester, and others. Arthur Gorges' monumental tablet is still in the Church; on the coat of arms Gorges is represented by a curl, *i.e.*, Gurges.

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belonging thereto. An orchard, a garden having a peryment standing up in the middle, and a terrace on the north thereof, with a banqueting house at the east end of the terrace, having a marble table in it. A great garden, dovecote close, containing five acres; the kitchen-yard, brick barn close, containing ten acres."

The daughter of Gorges by his second wife married Sir Robert Stanley, the second son of William, Earl of Derby. This knight's helmet still hangs high in Chelsea Church, near his sumptuous monument, and to judge by the medallion likeness here preserved, he must have had striking and handsome features.[1] Lady Elizabeth (Sir Arthur's widow) sold the house her husband had built at "Brickills" (in Little Chelsea) to her daughter, and thus it passed into the Stanley family. It was rebuilt in 1691.

[1] The late Lord Derby had this monument cleaned and restored.

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CHAPTER VI.

Sir Charles Cavendish—Duke of Newcastle—Heroic Conduct of his Daughter—Her Piety—She marries Charles Cheyne.

THE Countess of Shrewsbury outlived the Earl by seventeen years, but seems to have left the house at Chelsea. She arrived at the age of eighty-seven, and had been a good woman of business, a "buyer and seller of estates, and a merchant in lead, coals and timber." We can picture this grand old Countess in the autumn of her life at Chelsea surrounded by the distinguished family of herself and her lord. Here we see Gilbert, who succeeded as Earl of Shrewsbury, and whose three daughters were married to noblemen; Sir William Cavendish, who be

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came the first Earl of Devonshire, and from whom the Dukes are descended; and Sir Charles Cavendish, who, especially attached to his half-brother Gilbert, lent him money, travelled with him, and died almost at the same time. He married a co-heiress of Lord Ogle, and left a son, Sir Charles Cavendish, who became one of the most successful generals on the Royalist side. Sir Charles's first wife brought him a considerable fortune, and his magnificence was so great that he, on one occasion, gave an entertainment at Bolsover House to Charles I., which cost fifteen thousand pounds. He lent the King money, and raised troops for him, and if his advice had been followed, the issue of the conflict might have been different. He defeated Fairfax, taking eight hundred prisoners, and routed the forces of the Parliament on several occasions, sometimes changing the fortunes of the day by his personal courage.[1] As the tide of battle ebbed and flowed over the

[1] For which he was created Marquess of Newcastle.

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Northern counties, of which he was appointed Governor, a romantic incident occurred in connection with his eldest daughter Jane. She and her sister were left alone in a garrisoned house of their father, when they were suddenly surrounded and attacked by the rebel forces. They offered a brave resistance, but being overpowered by numbers, were at length surrounded and made prisoners. The Roundhead captain, who thus came to be in charge of them in their own house, treated them with much rudeness and incivility; but, the fortunes of war soon after changing, the house was retaken by the Royalists, and they would have executed summary justice on the jailor, had not Lady Jane interceded so that his life was spared.

When all was lost, the Marquess lived in banishment with his second wife, and, although before the war he was worth three-quarters of a million, they were now in such distress that they had sometimes to sell their clothes to procure a dinner. During this time Lady Jane assisted them as far as was in her

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power. She sold the jewels her father had given her, and some "chamber-plate," which she had from her grandmother, and sent over in addition one thousand pounds of her portion.

We can imagine Lord Newcastle's joy when the Restoration allowed him to return to England. He was six days coming from Rotterdam, being becalmed on the way, and his wife, the authoress,[1] says that when he saw the smoke of London he desired some one "to jog him and awaken him, as he had been sixteen years asleep, and was not yet quite awake." He lay that night at Greenwich, where "his supper seemed more savoury to him than any meat he had hitherto tasted, and the noise of some scraping fiddlers he thought the pleasantest harmony that ever he heard."

[1] Horace Walpole writes:—"Of all the riders of that steed Pegasus, perhaps there have not been a more fantastic couple than His Grace and his faithful Duchess, who was never off her pillion." The Duke wrote some plays, and a celebrated work on horses.

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Lady Jane, meanwhile, seems to have been living near or among the ruins of Bolsover Castle, for when her father returned he found the building half demolished and no furniture or necessary goods in it, but only some few hangings and pictures by Vandyck, which had been preserved by the care and industry of this his eldest daughter.

No doubt this first Duke of Newcastle had, in his youth, been often at Chelsea in Shrewsbury House, where his uncle, the first Earl of Devonshire, succeeded Lady Shrewsbury, and his aunt lived until her death in 1643. It is also probable that Lady Jane had not only heard much of this old home of her family, but had also been there with her relatives. We can, therefore, understand why, when she married Charles Cheyne,[1] her large fortune was in-

[1] Of an ancient family in Buckinghamshire, named from the oaks, which abounded in the neighbourhood. Lord Cheyne is mentioned with Renould Bray as Privy Councillor to Henry VII. Among those who presented valuable gifts to Elizabeth, the name of Lord Cheyne frequently

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vested in the purchase of Chelsea Palace and Manor—the former in 1657, and the latter three years later.[1] Here she lived for fourteen years, and was remarkable for her charity and devotion. Her husband bears record that she never caused him sorrow,

appears. In 1577 he gave "a fore part and a pair of boddys of a Frenche kyrtill of blewe cloth of silver, embrawdred all over with Venice golde; in 1581 a chain of gold with pillars and pomaunders, and in 1582 two bodkins of gold, one with a woman on horseback, the other with a coney." This peerage became extinct in 1587, but Charles Cheyne is said to have belonged to the same family.

[1] It would seem that Charles Cheyne and his wife lived in Chelsea in 1655, two years before he purchased Chelsea Place, and we may suppose that they were then living at Blackland's House—north of the King's Road—which belonged to them. Blackland's is at present a lunatic asylum, and has been enlarged, but the centre of the house is old. Bowack observes, in 1705, that both this and Chelsea Place are "let to French boarding-schools." The locality, it appears, became celebrated for ladies' schools towards the end of the seventeenth century, and between 1664 and 1705 the number of residences increased from less than forty to three hundred.

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except by her death. She filled volumes with the results of her meditations, being given to the same pious industry for which her predecessor in this place—Katherine Parr—was remarkable. The only objection she had to Chelsea was that its vicinity to London brought a constant influx of visitors, who interrupted her devotions.

Lord Cheyne greatly improved Chelsea, and his own gardens became an attraction owing to the ornamental devices he introduced into them. Evelyn especially mentions his having seen some fountains there "very surprising and extraordinary," designed by Winstanley.[1] Lady Jane never became Lady Newhaven, for her husband did not become a Viscount until twelve years after her decease. He married secondly Isabella the Dowager-Countess of Radnor, who lived near him, at the west end of

[1] The celebrated architect of the Eddystone Lighthouse, who said that he should like to be in it during the greatest storm that ever blew. His wish was granted, and he perished, together with his structure.

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Paradise Row. It is remarkable how much at that time neighbouring families intermarried—locomotion being less common than at present. Lord Newhaven died in 1698, and was succeeded by his son, of whom Bowack writes, in 1705 :—" William, the present Lord Cheyne, only son of these two incomparable persons, inherits not only their large fortunes, but also their singular virtues."

He moved back to his father's family seat in Buckinghamshire, of which county he was made Lord-Lieutenant, and the same year, 1712, he sold Chelsea Manor to Sir Hans Sloane. But the connection of the Cheynes with Chelsea is still marked by the picturesque line of trees and houses by the riverside known as Cheyne Walk; and by the handsome monument in the Church, where Bernini has perpetuated the figure and features of Lady Jane, by which " though dead, she still speaketh."

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CHAPTER VII.

Sir John Danvers—Excellence of Lady Danvers—Dr. Donne—Lord Cherbury—Herbert, the Poet.

AT the commencement of the seventeenth century, Sir John Danvers lived near the site of the present Danvers Street, which runs from the river on the west of Church Street.

Aubrey has stated that Sir John Danvers told him that the house he occupied was that of Sir Thomas More.[1] Sir John

[1] Perhaps this was the house granted to Lady More after her husband's death, or it may have formed part of the property called "More's House," which, after Sir Thomas' death, belonged to his son-in-law, Roper. Too much weight should not be given to statements that a house belonged to this or that celebrated man, unless ac-

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Danvers was brother to Sir H. Danvers, afterwards Lord Danby, and was made gentleman-usher to Charles I. His tastes were of so expensive a character that he became hopelessly involved in debt, and his house at Chelsea—which afterwards passed to Lord Wharton—seems to have been on a magnificent scale; its baths, its columns, and the wide foundations of its walls lie buried under Paultons Square. The grounds extended to the King's Road, and the gardens were fine specimens of the Italian style, which Sir John is said to have first introduced into this country.

The lady of this splendid residence during Sir John's earlier and happier years—before he became involved and demoralized—was the youngest daughter of Sir Richard Newport, and had been first married to Mr. Herbert. A model wife and mother, she was distinguished for her piety, and

companied by proof. I have been informed that some people now think that they are living in Sir Thomas More's house at Chelsea!

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attended the church services both on Sundays and week days. At the same time she maintained her position in society, both in her attire and hospitalities, so that we may consider this establishment at Chelsea was a good specimen of a large well-regulated country house. Her care of the poor was especially manifested during a time "when every house was a sepulchre," that is when the plague[1] visited Chelsea the year before her death. But excellent as Lady Danvers was, her virtues would probably have been unknown to posterity had she not been associated with celebrated men. When (as Mrs. Herbert) she went to Oxford to educate her sons, she became acquainted with Donne, afterwards Dean of St. Paul's, who was thenceforward one of her intimate friends, and often visited her at Chelsea. Perhaps the locality may have had some attraction for him, as his mother was a descendant of Sir Thomas More, and his

[1] In 1626, thirty-five thousand people died in London of the plague.

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grandfather by the mother's side was Heywood, the dramatist. Donne had been a gay man in his early life, and had accompanied Essex to Cadiz, and stayed some years in Spain. Afterwards he privately married the daughter of Sir Thomas Moore, Lieutenant of the Tower, who was so incensed at his presumption that he actually had him imprisoned. He fell into distressed circumstances, especially after the death of Sir Francis Wolly, and in one place laments: "'Tis now spring, and all the pleasures of it displease me; every other tree blossoms, and I wither. . . . I began early when I understood the study of our laws, but was diverted by leaving that, and embracing the worst voluptuousness, an hydroptique immoderate desire of humane learning and languages—beautiful ornaments indeed to men of great fortunes."

But Donne becoming skilled in theological controversy attracted the attention of King James.

He was always fond of paradoxes and

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conceits of style, a predilection which no doubt recommended him to the King. A story is told that when the Deanery of St. Paul's fell vacant, the King sent for Donne to attend him at dinner, and said when he arrived: "Dr. Donne, I have invited you to dinner, and though you sit not down with me, yet I will carve to you of a dish that I know you love well, for knowing you love London, I do therefore make you Dean of St. Paul's, and when I have dined, then do you take your beloved dish home to your study, say grace there to yourself, and much good may it do you."

He also afterwards became Vicar of St. Dunstan's-in-the-West, where Isaac Walton was one of his parishioners. To this worthy citizen, who relieved the cares of shopkeeping by the pleasures of angling and literature, we are indebted for a biography of the Dean. Walton was one of his greatest admirers, and was, as he says, converted by him. We can, in imagination, enter the little old church at Chelsea on July 1st,

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1627, and hear the funeral sermon for Lady Danvers. The tall and emaciated Dr. Donne occupies the pulpit, and as he proceeds in his discourse becomes deeply affected when he commemorates the virtues of his friend and benefactress. Beneath, among the congregation, sits the jolly angler, now serious and attentive, following and noting every word and gesture of the Dean. "I saw and heard him," as he tells us, "preach and weep." The scene was scarcely less than historical. It seems that Donne's discourse was always strong and impassioned—"He was a preacher in earnest," writes Walton, "weeping sometimes for his auditory, and sometimes with them, always preaching to himself, like an angel from a cloud—but in none; carrying some to heaven in holy rapture, and inticing others by a sacred art and courtship, and all with a most particular grace, and an inexpressible addition of comeliness." In this funeral sermon on Lady Danvers, we find him still indulging in the fanciful imagery to which

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he was so much addicted. He tells us that "Magdalen Newport, as a flower that doubles and multiplies by transplantation, multiplied on leaving her father's house into ten children." Her second husband, Sir John Danvers, was much her junior in age, and the Dean thus accommodates the disparity :—

"As the well tuning an instrument makes higher and lower strings of one sound, so the inequality of their years was thus reduced to an evenness, that she had a cheerfulness agreeable to his youth, and he a sober staidness conformable to her more years. So that I would not consider her as so much more than forty, nor him as so much less than thirty at that time; but as their persons were made one and their fortunes made one by marriage, so I would put their years into one number, and finding a sixty between them think them thirty a piece, for as twins of one hour they lived."

He observes that her charity to the poor

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was great, especially to the laborious and deserving; she often gave them things prepared for her own table, and "ministering to the sick was the honey that was spread over all her bread."

No doubt her activity prolonged her youthfulness, and formed the charm which fascinated young Sir John Danvers. Under the name of the "Autumnal Beauty," Donne thus writes of her."

"No spring nor summer's beauty hath such grace
As I have seen in one autumnal face.
Were her first years the golden age? that's true,
But now she's gold oft tried, and ever new;
That was her torrid and inflaming time,
This is her habitable tropic clime.
Fair eyes! who asks more heat than comes from hence,
He in a fever wishes pestilence.
Call not these wrinkles graves; if graves they were,
They were love's graves, or else he is no where.

* * * * *

Here, where still evening is, not noon nor night,
Where no voluptuousness, yet all delight,
In all her words unto her hearers fit,
You may at revels, or at council sit."

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But Donne never recovered his spirits after the death of his wife, nor could any royal favours console him. The depth of his feelings expressed in his characteristic way is shown in the poem commencing—

> "Oh! do not die, for I shall hate
> All women so when thou art gone,
> That thee I shall not celebrate
> When I remember thou wast one."

Before his death he had his portrait taken in his shroud, with his eyes closed—a representation, which is now to be seen on his monument in St. Paul's.

Lady Danvers had taken care to give her sons a good education, and two of them became distinguished men. The eldest, who was made Lord Herbert of Cherbury, wrote his autobiography, and a history of the reign of Henry VIII.—which was afterwards edited by Horace Walpole and printed at Strawberry Hill—and also his noted "De Veritate," a work of an argumentative and psychological character, in which he expresses his disbelief in religious systems, and professes

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pure Deism. Nevertheless his tone is moral, if not religious, and he seems not to have been devoid of a certain amount of superstition. He tells us that, being uncertain whether he should publish his book, "one fair day in summer my casement being open towards the South, the sun shining clear, and no wind stirring, I took my book 'De Veritate' in my hand, and kneeling on my knees, devoutly said these words :—

"O thou Eternal God, Author of the light that now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee of thine infinite goodness to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book, 'De Veritate.' If it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from Heaven—if not I shall suppress it."

He says that no sooner had he spoken than a loud though gentle noise came from heaven.

We may suppose that Lady Danvers be-

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came acquainted at Chelsea with her neighbour, the first Earl of Devonshire and his wife, the sister of Lord Shrewsbury; for we find Lord Shrewsbury volunteering to fasten on young Herbert's spurs when he was made a Knight of the Bath, and her friend, Dr. Donne, receiving some ecclesiastical preferment from the then Earl of Kent, who was Lord Shrewsbury's son-in-law.

George Herbert, the fifth son, was a man of more orthodox views, possessed greater genius, and achieved a more lasting renown than his brother. Early in life he determined "that his poor abilities should be ever consecrated to God's glory." He was remarkable for his gentle and amiable disposition, became a good classical scholar, and was appointed Orator to the University of Cambridge. He was thus introduced to the King, and for a time entered into Court society, following the course of his friend, Dr. Donne, who took Orders in middle life. James offered him, upon his marriage, the Rectory of

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Bemerton, but it required all the persuasion of Laud to induce him to accept it. He was already Prebend of Layton Ecclesia, a village in Huntingdonshire. He there found the parish church much decayed, and carried out its restoration at a considerable expense. His mother, on hearing of this undertaking, sent for him to Chelsea, and seeing him, said "George, I sent for you to persuade you not to commit simony, by giving your patron as good a gift as he has given to you; namely, that you give him back his prebend; for, George, it is not for your weak body and empty purse to undertake to build churches." He desired a day's time to consider this, and next morning made a request. "That she would, at the age of thirty-three years, allow him to become an undutiful son, for he had made a vow to God, that if he were able he would rebuild that church." A beautiful letter is extant which he wrote to his mother shortly before her death, and afterwards he fondly commemorated her

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virtues in several pieces of Latin and Greek poetry. He not only composed many psalms and hymns, but being a good musician was wont to sing them, accompanying his voice on the lute or viol. Earnest piety breathes in every sentiment he expressed, and we can scarcely imagine that the writer of the following lines could ever have much enjoyed his early Court life—

"False glossing pleasures: casks of happiness:
Foolish night-fires: women and children's wishes:
Chases in arras: gilded emptiness:
Shadows well mounted: dreams in a career:
Embroidered lies: nothing, between two dishes:—
These are the pleasures here.

"True, earnest sorrows: rooted miseries:
Anguish, in grain: vexations, ripe and blown:
Sure-footed griefs: solid calamities:
Plain demonstrations, evident and clear,
Touching their proofs e'en from the very bone:
These are the sorrows here."

Herbert was infirm in health. He would say that he had "too thoughtful a wit, a

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wit like a penknife in too narrow a sheath, too sharp for the body."

One of his principal poems, named the "Temple," was published after his death. The Vice-Chancellor of Cambridge refused to allow it to be printed at the University because it contained the lines—

> "Religion stands a-tiptoe in our land,
> Ready to pass to the American strand."

But the Chancellor gave the necessary permission.

Dr. Donne gave Herbert and also Walton a seal-ring, with the device of Christ upon an anchor. The latter is still preserved in the family of Henry Alworth Merewether; Recorder of Reading.

Sir John Danvers married the year after the death of his excellent lady; and again at Chelsea, in 1648. After having received honours and emoluments from Charles I., he sat in Council upon him, and signed his death warrant, but dying the year before the Restoration, escaped execution.

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From the Danvers family, this house seems to have come into the possession of Lord Wharton, who may have been attracted to the neighbourhood by his sister being married to Lord Lindsey. In Hamilton's map of Chelsea, corrected to 1717, Lord Wharton's gardens and Lord Wharton's park occupy a considerable space. The site of the latter was that of the Sand hills of More, on the north of the present King's Road, and the ground, consisting of about thirty-two acres, was first enclosed by Cranfield, the Lord Treasurer, in 1625.* Lord Wharton was a man of taste and magnificence, fond of building, and especially of gardens, and we may be sure the place did not deteriorate in his time. His faults were of a different kind; he was too extravagant, and being one of the leading

[1] The name continues in Park Chapel and Park Walk. The latter, which bounded the Park on the west, was at first called "Lover's Walk," and considered a most dangerous place. It afterwards took the humbler designation of "Twopenny Walk."

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Whigs, spent a large sum upon elections.[1] At one time he was instrumental in returning thirty members, and Addison owed his first seat in the House to him. Steele has given him an excellent, but Swift an infamous character. It is said that Swift applied to him, through Lord Somers, for his chaplaincy, and that the reply was, "Oh, my lord, we must not prefer or countenance such fellows as these; we have not character enough ourselves." It has consequently been supposed that Swift's attack was occasioned by disappointment, but he denies the imputation, and certainly few men would have desired to be the spiritual adviser of such a hopeless reprobate as he describes Lord Wharton to have been:—"a Presbyterian in politics, and an Atheist in religion." Swift must have received some provocation, and admits having made an

[1] Swift says he was sent to Ireland to recoup himself, and gained by his two years' government of that country forty-five thousand pounds. Bolingbroke called him "the scavenger of his party."

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application to him, on behalf of the clergy, which was refused. Lord Wharton was a gay sporting man; his greyhounds won the coursing matches, and his racehorses—especially "Careless"—were celebrated. When he went, in his old age, to Ireland as Lord-Lieutenant, he entertained sumptuously, and had operas performed in the Castle. He was well received by the Irish Parliament, and by the Protestants generally, but the Roman Catholics "had no hopes of gaining their end." Dr. Percy says that he wrote "Lilliburlero." Both his wives were poetesses; his second, the daughter of Lord Lisburn, was the mother of the gifted and reckless Duke of Wharton. She was thus celebrated as a toast by the "Kit-cat Club," in 1698:—

"When Jove to Ida did the gods invite,
And in immortal toastings passed the night,
With more than bowls of nectar they were blest,
For Venus was the Wharton of the feast."

Danvers House was demolished in 1716. We may suppose that Sir John Danvers

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had some intention of building a street here, although Danvers Street was not built until the property had passed into the hands of Lord Wharton. A stone in the wall of Mr. Spells', the baker's, at the corner of Danvers Street and Cheyne Walk, tells us that the house, which stood there, was the first in this street, and that it was built in 1696. But in the memory of persons now living there were only four houses in this street, the rest of the site being occupied by one or two cottages and Mr. Shepherd's nursery-ground. The exact position of Danvers House is not known. The remains of it above mentioned as lying under Paultons Square, were discovered by Mr. Shepherd in 1822, and are built over.

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CHAPTER VIII.

Lord John Robartes—Lord Sandwich—His Sojourn and Strange Infatuation at Chelsea—Pepys expostulates—Visits of Charles I. to Buckingham House.

THE "Mercurius Publicus" informs us that on September the 4th, 1660, shortly after the Restoration, Charles II. was "nobly entertained by Lord Robartes with a supper at his house at Chelsey."

Pepys speaks of his taking coach to Chelsea, in 1661, to transact business with this Minister, the Lord Privy Seal; and from what he says of his residence,[1] we may conclude that it had been lately built, and with the most recent improvements.

[1] Which stood at the corner of Paradise Row and Robinson's Lane. One of the streets in the neighbourhood is still called Radnor Street.

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"Here," he writes, "I saw, by daylight, two very fine pictures in the gallery, that a little while ago I saw by night, and did also go over the house, and found it to be the prettiest contrived house that ever I saw in my life."

Again, in 1665, we find Pepys in the waiting-room of this house again contemplating the pictures; and one especially of "my Lord's son's lady, a most beautiful woman."

This Lord John Roberts, or Robartes, was the son of Lord Truro, who is said to have given the Duke of Buckingham £10,000 for the title. John was at one time a Parliamentarian, "a stanch Presbyterian, sour and cynical;" but he gained favour with Charles II., became Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, and was made Viscount Bodmin and Earl of Radnor. Probably he owed his elevation to his learning, and we find that Francis, his son by his second wife, Isabella, was a Vice-President of the Royal Society. His eldest daughter by her,

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married the Earl of Drogheda, and afterwards the celebrated dramatist Wycherley whom she met accidentally on the Pantiles at Tunbridge Wells. The Earl died in 1685, and his son Francis in 1718—both at Chelsea.[1]

In 1663, Edward Montagu—who as joint High Admiral with Blake, had induced the fleet to acknowledge Charles II. had conveyed him to England, and been created Lord Sandwich—came down to this suburban retreat "to take the ayre." He engaged a lodging in which he found a variety of advantages.

April 29, 1663, Pepys writes: "To Chelsey, where we found my Lord all alone with one joynt of meat at dinner, and mightily extolling the manner of his retirement, and the goodness of his diet; the mistress of the house, Mrs. Becke, having been a

[1] Lord Radnor's first wife was daughter of the second Earl of Warwick, and his sister was married to Edward Montagu, who gained the battle of Marston Moor. The widow of Lord Radnor's eldest son was called Countess of Radnor, and died at Chelsea in 1720.

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woman of good condition heretofore, a merchant's wife, hath all things most excellently dressed; among others her cakes admirable, and so good that my Lord's words were, 'they were fit to present to my Lady Castlemaine.'" [1]

Lord Sandwich spoke much of the latter lady, and said he had incurred some displeasure for his kindness to his neighbour, my Lady Castlemaine. (The truth was that my Lord was rather frolicsome, especially for a man that had a wife and family; and he was suspected of being on very good terms with this mistress of the King, who, indeed, was in favour with many courtiers, even with Pepys, though he thought the King's open familiarity with her "unbecoming a prince"). The conversation terminated with an interesting discussion on political and Court intrigues, and Pepys' conclusion was: "Upon the whole, I do find that it is a

[1] This was the celebrated or notorious Duchess of Cleveland, who used to go to Wycherley's rooms disguised as a country girl, with a basket and pattens.

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troublesome thing for a man of any condition at Court to carry himself even, and without contracting envy or envyers, and that much discretion and dissimulation is necessary to do it."

After the interview above noticed, Pepys walked in the gardens with Mr. Howe, "which are very fine, and a pretty fountayne, with which I was finely wetted, up to a banquetting-house with a very fine prospect."

Pepys was frequently at my Lord's lodging at Chelsea on business, and my Lord stayed there a longer time than the recovery of his health required, for he not only enjoyed spacious apartments and good dinners, but also found some attractions of another kind. The excellent caterer for his table had a daughter, who, although plain, was ladylike; and, according to Pepys, somewhat deep and diplomatic. My Lord, like a true follower of his master, Charles, fell violently in love with her, and behaved, while the fit lasted, like a man bereft of

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reason. He played the fool grossly, took her out on expeditions, serenaded her with a lute under her window, and "forty other poor sordid things;" disregarding "all honour, friends, servants and every thing and person that is good." Pepys, at length, could endure it no longer, and determined to venture a letter to him on the subject, in which he observed that the King had noticed his "living so beneath his quality out of the way; that some gave a bad report of the house in which he lodged, and charged one of the daughters with being a common courtesan, that her wantonness occasioned much scandal, though unjustly, to his Lordship, as well to the gratifying of some enemies as to the wounding of more friends."

A few days afterwards, Pepys took coach in some trepidation to my Lord's lodgings, and Lord Sandwich received him kindly, but demanded to know who the people were whose reflections occasioned the letter. At the same time he spoke in praise of the civi-

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lity of the people of the house, and of the good character of the young gentlewoman—commendations which gave Pepys considerable uneasiness. At the end of the meeting, seeing that Lord Sandwich was troubled about the matter, and perhaps offended, Pepys burst into tears, "though," he says, "he felt ashamed of it afterwards."

Lord Sandwich was a Member of the Royal Society, and Evelyn, a great friend of his, tells us that he was "of a sweet, obliging temper, learned in politics, mathematics and music." We can, therefore, understand Pepys' peace-offering upon this occasion, when, three days after the above interview, he went to Chelsea, and presented my Lord with a "Terella," or orbicular load-stone. In a short time, he was glad to find that his letter had the effect of causing Lord Sandwich to leave Chelsea, and the "slut;" and although, at first, his Lordship seemed cool towards him, he records that a month afterwards he had "a pretty kind salute from him."

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But notwithstanding this change of residence, it does not seem that the Admiral had entirely freed himself from the silken fetters. He sent his daughters down to Chelsea to enjoy the air and the lodgings, though they "hated the place, and the young woman, Mrs. Betty Becke." What they most disliked was that when he paid them visits there, which occurred frequently, he sent them out to take the good air in the park, while he stayed behind to comfort Miss Betty. After hearing all this, it seems characteristic of the times that we find Mr. and Mrs. Becke, and the "slut," invited to Kensington Vicarage, when Lady Sandwich and her daughters were there. Pepys expresses no surprise at it, and they seem to have been well received by the company. He says, "Miss Becke had not one good feature in her face, and yet is a fine lady, of a fine taille and very well carriaged, and mighty discreet. I took all the occasion I could to discourse with the young ladies in her

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company, to give occasion to her to talk, which now and then she did, and that mighty finely, and is I perceive a woman of such an ayre as I wonder the less at my lord's favour to her, and I dare warrant him she hath brains enough to entangle him. Two or three hours we were in her company, going into Sir H. Finche's garden, and seeing the fountayne and singing there with the ladies, and a mighty fine cool place it is, with a great laver of water in the middle, and the bravest place for music I ever heard." He returned, "very well pleased with my day's work, and above all that I have seen my lord's mistress."

He mentions afterwards that Lady Sandwich went to Chelsea to see Mrs. Becke, the mother, and thought her daughter the ugliest woman she ever saw. Lord Sandwich was about forty at this time, and perished a few years afterwards at the battle of Southwold Bay, being burnt in his vessel by Dutch fire-ships.

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But Pepys' visits to Chelsea were not always on business. In his time the place seems to have been a favourite resort of pleasure seekers, and he and his wife sometimes went down there by boat, carrying their supper with them, and singing and chaffing the bargemen "to his great content." Upon other occasions this jolly gossip did not take his wife with him, but "Knipp" the actress, and pretty Mrs. Pierce. On one of these expeditions in 1666, when they thought "to be merry at Chelsey," and had nearly reached the house, which stood alone by the river side—the 'Swan' he thought—a gentleman called out to him that the house was infected with the plague, upon which they turned back "in great affright!"

"July 31st, 1667.—After the play we went into the house, and spoke with Knipp, who went abroad with us by coach to Chelsey, and there in a box in a tree we sat, and sang, and talked, and ate; my wife out of humour, as she always is when this woman is by."

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Lord Middlesex sold Salisbury House to Charles I., who granted it to that magnificent and obsequious courtier, the Duke of Buckingham. The house after this was called Buckingham House, and at the time of the Duke's death, his son was only a boy. The house at Chelsea came for some time into the possession of his daughter and her husband, the Duke and Duchess of Richmond and Lennox, and some of the few "happy days of Charles I." were those in which he went in his barge to visit them at their beautiful residence on the banks of the Thames. Afterwards the mansion was seized by the Parliament and committed to the custody of John Lisle. It is somewhat remarkable that so many of the owners of this house met with violent deaths, for, not to mention More's execution, the Duke of Buckingham was assassinated at Portsmouth, and John Lisle was shot at Lausanne. The second Duke of Buckingham recovered his property on the Restoration, and it is probable that he let this

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residence, which was sold to his creditors in 1664. The description of the house in which Lord Sandwich lodged seems to point to it, for it had a banquetting house, and we have read of the fine prospect there was from More's garden.[1]

[1] Faulkner says that Lord Sandwich lodged where Walpole afterwards resided, a place which seems to have been called "Great Sweed Court," in early times.

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CHAPTER IX.

Lord Bristol—Connection with Spain—His Strange Alternations of Policy—Courage and Wonderful Escapes —Enters the Service of France and Spain—His Eloquence in Parliament — His Residences — Beaufort House.

THE history of the splendid mansion last mentioned—Buckingham House —now brings before us a career more remarkable than that of the brilliant scapegrace Duke. In 1674 that nobleman's creditors sold this house to George Digby, second Earl of Bristol. These two successive owners were intimate friends, and belonged to a clique of gay courtiers.[1]

[1] Of which the third Lord Carberry was a member

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Both were men of taste and study, the former wrote the celebrated "Rehearsal;" the latter, "Elvira," and other poems. They were reckoned among the authors of the day, and may be added to the list of literary men who possessed the house, or at least the site, consecrated by the memory of Sir Thomas More.

The fathers of these men were at enmity. Digby, the first Lord Bristol, was a poet and a scholar, and attracted consequently the attention of James I., who sent him on several embassies to Spain. He at last was successful in concluding a marriage contract between the Prince of Wales (afterwards Charles I.) and an Infanta, and was created an Earl. But he had more ability than good sense, was passionate and garrulous, and offended the Prince when with him in Spain—it is even said that he attempted to induce him to become a Roman Catholic. Buckingham, who eyed him with jealousy, took advantage of this imprudence, and on Digby's arrival in England he was committed

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to the Tower. Such conduct alienated him for a time from the King, but he soon returned to his allegiance and was imprisoned by the opposite party. He was with the Royalists at York, Edgehill and Oxford, and died an exile in France.

The son above mentioned was born at Madrid, and in his portraits he looks somewhat Spanish—a resemblance he seems to have cultivated. But Warburton says that while the father contracted the Spanish gravity, the son was born with French vivacity. From a child he was remarkably handsome. When the first Earl was committed to the Tower he resolved to send a petition to Parliament, and thought he could not have a better messenger than his son. The boy was then only twelve years of age; but such was the beauty of his countenance, and the grace of his manner and speech, that he won the hearts of all the members. No expense was spared to give this youth of promise the best education both at home and abroad, and during

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his residence at Magdalen College, Oxford, he was conspicuous for his diligence and proficiency. After taking his degree he devoted several years to the study of literature, and Clarendon says he possessed "universal knowledge." What a path to honour and renown lay before him, with so good a preparation, and such a high introduction! But the ship though excellently stored and bravely decorated wanted ballast on the keel, and a steady hand at the helm. For want of these he became a drifting wreck, wafted about by genius rather than guided by judgment, and whenever he gained any advantage he was sure to lose it again immediately. In conversation he was brilliant and erudite; in oratory few could equal him; but his vacillating disposition, in the circumstances which surrounded him, rendered his career a mere theatrical display, if not a comic performance.

The first indication he gave of his thoughtlessness and precipitation was in

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quarrelling with a gentleman of the Court, during a sojourn in London, drawing his sword and after a conflict wounding his antagonist. This affair took place within the precincts of Whitehall, was therefore a serious offence, and young Digby was imprisoned and treated with some severity. The correction, instead of sobering, irritated and incensed him against the Court, and he commenced his political career by entering Parliament to give the King's party all the trouble in his power. Here he became remarkable for his speeches, which were not only admirably delivered and brilliant in imagery, but also evinced considerable penetration and logical acuteness. It is said that but for his eloquent and bitter accusations the charges against Strafford would have been abandoned. But scarcely had he succeeded in establishing them, when something occurred to his fertile mind, which caused him to veer completely round, and even to purloin a letter intended to be used in sustaining the impeachment!

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Upon the third reading of the bill he made a powerful address to the House, and concluded by declaring that he could not vote for Strafford's execution. He went so far as to print this speech, the copies of which were ordered to be burnt by the common hangman. Afterwards he said that his brother-in-law had it published without his knowledge. Never was there a man who so often "turned his back upon himself."

Having now changed over to the King's party, and made himself hopelessly unpopular with the House of Commons, and also with the people, who said he should be torn in pieces, he was raised by Charles to the House of Lords. Here he still showed the great flaw in his character, being too ready to act upon the impulse of the moment. He was forward in recommending the impeachment of Lord Kimbolton and some other members, but when the accusations against that nobleman were being proceeded with, Digby whispered to him that "the King was mischievously advised,"

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and that he would go to him immediately, which he did, and urged him to press forward vigorously with the measures. Eventually, the accused persons took refuge in a house in the City, a quarter in which they were popular, and Digby proposed to attack the place with a company of gentlemen, and bring them to the King dead or alive. The part which Digby had taken in this matter incensed the House of Commons still more against him, and they regarded even his most innocent actions as proceeding from some malignant intention. Thus, when he had been sent from Hampton Court by the King to see some officers and soldiers in the neighbourhood who had applied for arrears of pay—and such was his vanity that he had gone in a coach and six, with outriders—his display cost him dear, for his enemies magnified the transaction, and transformed it into "levying war against the King and Parliament at Kingston upon Thames." Afterwards, when he had fled to Holland, he wrote a letter to the Queen, recommend-

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ing the King to betake himself to a fortified place, which was intercepted, and led to his being accused of high treason.

We have already observed that Lord Digby had somewhat the appearance of a foreigner, and this, as he spoke several languages fluently, was of great assistance to him in some of his adventures. He was also a man of such self-possession and courage that he was in no danger of betraying himself. Relying upon these advantages, he returned from his exile in Holland to visit the King at York, where he passed for a Frenchman, his disguise being so perfect that even his friend, Mr. Hyde, (Lord Clarendon) did not know him when he pulled off his periwig. He revealed himself but to a few friends, and only visited the King at night. Shortly afterwards he was still more indebted to his power of transformation. When returning from York to the Continent to hasten assistance from the Queen, he met at sea the "Providence," laden with ammunition for the King's

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troops. This ship sent her boat with letters for Lord Digby, and men from the "fly-boat" went back in her while he perused the despatches; in short, they kept sending backwards and forwards, until the Parliamentary fleet hove in sight and gave chase. The "Providence" escaped, but the smaller outward bound vessel in which Lord Digby sailed was taken. My lord was immediately a Frenchman, could not understand a word his captors said, and gave corroborative proof of his nationality by becoming desperately sea-sick. Under these circumstances he was allowed to "go below," and was not so ill but that he managed there and then to destroy all the compromising documents with which his pockets were stored. On reaching Hull his indisposition returned, so that he was sent to a place of repose. Here he revolved in his mind his critical position. The Governor of Hull was Sir John Hotham, a rough, determined soldier, who had been expressly selected for the post because the King was

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supposed to have a design upon the place; and Charles had actually come to the gates of the town and been refused admission by him.

Digby knew his life was in danger, but he was not dismayed, and summoned his never failing courage and ingenuity. Calling one of the guards set over him, he desired him to go to the Governor and say that the French prisoner wished to speak with him, and that he could impart some of the Queen's secrets. Presently he was ushered into the presence of the sturdy Hotham, who was surrounded by some friends. Digby now assumed the air of a French soldier, and gave a graphic account of his experiences in the army, and of the campaigns in France and Flanders. The object of his visit to England was to obtain service under the King, to whom he had recommendations. He finally added significantly that he would like to speak a few words to the Governor in private. Sir John motioned him to an oriel window, and

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told him to speak with confidence. Lord Digby instantly changed his face and manner, and said in English: "Do you know me?" Hotham was stupefied and stammered out "No." "Then," replied Digby, "I shall try whether I know Sir John Hotham, and whether he be the same man of honour I have always taken him for—I am Lord Digby." He added that he might have escaped under his disguise, but preferred to owe his life to the generosity of Sir John, who, he was sure, would not deliver him up to his enemies. There was something in Digby's manner that few could resist. Hotham had none of the fine feelings imputed to him, but he felt that he could not betray the suppliant. He told him to say no more, and returning to his friends, sent Digby away with a guard to the house of a man that spoke French. But a stronger proof of Digby's fascinating influence was soon exhibited. Hotham visited him, and he gained the stern soldier's good-will to such an extent, as even to shake his alle-

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giance to the Parliament. Hotham now confessed that he had always had an undercurrent of loyalty in his heart, and said that he would have admitted the King into Hull, had he not been told that His Majesty intended to hang him. Digby returned to York in high spirits, with the intelligence that Sir John Hotham was ready to deliver up Hull. He now threw off his disguise; and his presence with the King, who was by no means desirous of his company, is said to have greatly offended the Parliament, and even to have been a principal cause of the King's execution.

The best qualities of Lord Digby, as of many others, were shown during the conflicts of the Civil War. On the day of battle he was always ready to present a bold front to the enemy. After his return to York he raised a regiment of horse, which he commanded with great gallantry at Edgehill. He was shot through the thigh at the storming of Lichfield, and slightly wounded in an engagement in Am-

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borne Chase, a pistol, from which the bullet had fortunately dropped, being discharged so near his face as to bring blood—one of his numerous escapes. After Lord Falkland had been killed at Newbury, Digby succeeded as Principal Secretary of State, and about the same time became High Steward of the University of Oxford. He was now one of those whose advice was followed concerning military operations, and was regarded with so much jealousy by the army, that a petition to the King was prepared that neither he nor Colepepper, the Master of the Rolls, should be admitted to Councils of War. Clarendon says that this movement was chiefly instigated by Wilmot, who, he quaintly observes, was a man of influence, inasmuch, as he drank hard, and "had a great power over all who did so, which was a great people."

A mocking spirit seems to have followed all Digby's enterprises. He was soon raised to be a General and sent to the North. On his arrival at Doncaster he dispersed a

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large detachment of the enemy, and a few days afterwards routed a considerable force of cavalry. This latter success took place near Sherborne, where he had left the remainder of his troops. The enemy in their flight made for this town, which so alarmed the soldiers stationed there that they also ran away. In this confusion, while one part of Digby's troops were pursuing, and the other flying for their lives, and while he and some of the staff-officers were contemplating the strange scene from a distance, a small body of the enemy's cavalry came down upon them, and not only carried off their baggage, but also Digby's coach, which contained letters and documents of so injurious a character that afterwards the Parliament had them printed for the benefit of the public. But for this misadventure, he would have become master of all the Northern country.

After this Digby marched into Scotland, and when there, suddenly determined to go to the Isle of Man and Ireland, deserting all his followers and leaving them to do what

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they best could. When in Ireland, he conceived that if the Prince would go over there they might raise a large army and replace the King—an idea not altogether new to him, as he had accused Strafford of treason for having recommended a similar measure. He accordingly went over to Scilly, and thence to Jersey to communicate with the Prince, but found that young Charles preferred Paris to Ireland, and had promised to go to visit his mother. This was a sad discouragement to Digby, but a good expedient suggested itself to him. He had come with some fine frigates, and he would ask the Prince to a collation on board his ship, take him to inspect the vessels, and would then let him see some of their manœuvres, in the midst of which he would set sail and carry the Prince over to Ireland. He communicated this happy thought to the principal officer, but found he was not willing to co-operate with him. He then determined to go to see the Queen, and started for France, leaving half

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a dozen gentlemen whom he had brought with him from Ireland without a farthing to subsist upon during his absence.

Not long afterwards Digby entered the French service, and his gallantry and handsome person gained him high favour in that country. He was given the command of a troop of horse, composed principally of English refugees, who at first joined him with enthusiasm, believing he could lead them to fortune, but soon afterwards abandoned him in disgust. He was left a commander without soldiers, and betook himself to gambling and dissipation, but still retained some influence at the French Court. When Cardinal Mazarin was obliged to fly from France, he recommended Digby to the Queen Regent. Having thus obtained a high position it occurred to him (now Lord Bristol) that he might supplant the Cardinal altogether, and become Prime Minister of France. He even made some suggestion of the kind to the Queen, who informed Mazarin, and Bristol was eventually dis-

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missed. Cromwell now demanded that he should be no longer harboured in France, and he accordingly went to Holland with which country the French were at war, and where he was detested, as the troops under his command had committed the most disgraceful atrocities there. But his tact and accomplishments again befriended him. Don Juan, the commander of the Spanish army, was a man of literary taste, and as Lord Bristol was well acquainted with romances, dramatic works, and even such recondite subjects as astrology, he was soon in high favour. Having advanced so far by his scholarship, he proceeded to ingratiate himself with the other officers by always commending them to their leader, and had a great advantage in his knowledge of Spanish, which he spoke like a native. He was moreover able to give some substantial assistance, for he procured the betrayal of a strong place held by the French, through the instrumentality of some Irish soldiers who formed part of the garrison.

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Don Juan was so much delighted with Lord Bristol that he applied to Charles II. to have him re-appointed a Secretary of State. But scarcely had the request been granted when that nobleman forfeited the post by becoming a Roman Catholic. In his earlier years he had written letters, still extant, to Sir Kenelm Digby exposing the errors of the Church of Rome.

We have spoken of the eloquence of Lord Bristol, which often rescued him from the difficulties in which his inconsistency had involved him. He was an impassioned orator, such as was not then often seen, nor invariably appreciated. Soon after the Restoration, he had to make an apology for his conduct with regard to Sir Richard Temple, and Pepys alludes to it as "a long comedian-like speech, delivered with such action as was not becoming his lordship. He spoke for half-an-hour bareheaded while the House was covered, and concluded by saying. 'Thanks be to God, this head, this heart, and this sword,' pointing to

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them all, 'will find me a being in any place in Europe.'" He said in this speech that he would not advise Charles to become a Roman Catholic, but would draw his sword in the King's defence against the Pope.

In 1664 Lord Bristol returned to the Protestant Church. This step was probably taken to increase his influence, and we read that "an old cavalier cursed my Lord of Bristol, saying the worst news he ever heard in his life, or that the devil could ever bring us, was this Lord's coming to prayers the other day in the House of Lords; by which he is coming about again from being a Papist, which will undo this nation; and he says he ever did say, at the King's first coming in, that this nation could not be safe while that man was alive."

It was perhaps owing to the eccentricities of Lord Bristol that his daughter's marriage was in danger of being frustrated. Lord Sunderland was engaged to her, the wedding clothes were made, and the settlements

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agreed upon, when the intended bridegroom made off, nobody knew where, and sent to tell her, forsooth, that he released her from her promise, but that he would never let her know his reasons. Afterwards, however, Lord Sunderland returned to his old love, the marriage took place, and she became the grandmother of the second Duke of Marlborough.

In the political movements during the reign of Charles II., Bristol and his ally, Buckingham, made themselves ridiculous by their proceedings against Lord Clarendon. The former impeached his old friend for high treason, and one of the charges he brought against him was that he tried to bring in Popery! The attack was altogether of so serious a character that it was said that Lord Clarendon had his horses several times put to his coach to be ready to convey him to the Tower.

Lord Bristol continued to have great influence with Charles, and was so familiar with him that he even ventured to reprove

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him for his profligate life. But his antecedents did not well entitle him to act the part of a censor. We are told that he was "amorously inclined," and he informs us in "Elvira" that "Love holds the rudder, and steers in all courts," and that

> "A sharp pointed hat
> Appears not so ridiculous as a youker
> Without a love intrigue to introduce
> And sparkify him there."

In 1661 Lord Bristol purchased the palace of Henrietta Maria, at Wimbledon, and next year Evelyn helped "to contrive after the modern" the gardens there, and observes that Lord Bristol has a large library, but mostly of "trifles." His Lordship had also a mansion in Queen Street, Lincoln's Inn Fields, with a gallery and gardens, which was taken in 1671 by the Commissioners of Trade and Plantations, of whom Evelyn was one. Three years afterwards he purchased Buckingham House, in Chelsea, perhaps from its association with his friend, the Duke of Buckingham.

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Lord Bristol is said to have died and been buried at Chelsea, and not to have had a friend to regret him. He demised this house to his Countess—a daughter of the fourth Earl of Bedford—who resided here for several years after his death. Evelyn writes, January 15th, 1679: "I went with my Lady Sunderland to Chelsea, and dined with the Countess of Bristol (her mother) in the great house, formerly the Duke of Buckingham's, a spacious and excellent place for the extent of ground and situation in good air. The house is large but ill-contrived, though my Lord of Bristol, who purchased it after he sold Wimbledon to my Lord Treasurer, expended much money on it. There were divers pictures of Titian and Vandyck, and some of Bassano, very excellent, especially an Adonis and Venus, a Duke of Venice, a butcher in his shambles selling meat to a Swiss; and of Vandyck my Lord of Bristol's picture, with the Earl of Bedford's at length, in the same

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table.[1] There was in the garden a rare collection of orange trees, of which she was pleased to bestow some upon me."

It would seem, from what Evelyn afterwards says, that Sir Stephen Fox had some idea of purchasing Buckingham House, and had even offered within five hundred pounds of the price demanded; but it was eventually sold, three years later, to the Marquis of Worcester, who became Duke of Beaufort, and who made improvements in it. This old mansion now assumed a new name—that of Beaufort House, and continued in the family for some thirty years. Evelyn writes:—

"1683, September 3rd. I went to see what had been done by the Duke of Beaufort on his late purchased house at Chelsea, which I once had the selling of for the Countess of Bristol; he had made great alterations, but might have built a better

[1] No doubt the large library above mentioned was here. It was now augmented by the bequest of that of Sir Kenelm Digby.

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house with the materials and the cost he had been at."

Bowack describes the mansion at this time: "The house is between two and three hundred feet in length, has a stately ancient front towards the Thames, also two spacious court-yards, and behind it are very fine gardens. It is so pleasantly situated, that the late Queen Mary had a great desire to purchase it before King William built Kensington, but was prevented by secret obstacles."

In Kip's view this house has a grand appearance, having thirteen windows, four of them oriel, on the first floor. There were two courts in front, and the grounds covered twenty acres. The present Moravian Chapel was the stable, and the burial-ground the stable-yard, along the west wall of which stood a line of trees, where some old elms still exist.

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CHAPTER X.

James I.—His Love of Theology—Controversies of the Day—He founds a College for the Study of Polemical Divinity—Constitution of the College—Its Failure—Munificence of Sutcliffe—Sufferings of Featly—The Archbishop of Spalatro—His Disappointment and Death—Rival Claims to the Possession of the College.

ON the accession of James the First, the Puritans, concluding that a King from Scotland must be favourable to their views, sent up a petition called the "Millennary," because signed, or supposed to be signed, by a thousand persons. They had proposed a Conference in Queen Elizabeth's reign, which she would not allow; but James, being learned in theology, and a keen disputant, was not unwilling to preside at a theological tournament. Thus the cele-

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brated meeting at Hampton Court was held; but James, who had apparently suffered from the Presbyterians in Scotland, opened the proceedings by saying, "that he now found himself among grave, learned, and reverend men, not as formerly, a King without State, or honour, in a place where order was banished, and beardless boys could brave him to the face—Scotch Presbyters agreeing as well with Monarchy as God with the Devil." In short, he announced that he was averse from change, but was willing to inquire into any complaints which could be brought forward. The principal matters to which the Puritans objected, were the Cross in Baptism, Confirmation, Absolution, the administration of Baptism by women, the marriage ring, Excommunication, and bowing at the name of Jesus. They wished for strict laws against the profanation of the Lord's Day, that the clergy should be allowed to marry, that there should be no pluralities, that none should be admitted into the Ministry

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but able men, and that such as were indifferent preachers should be removed.

The King agreed with the Puritans in their objection to baptism being administered by lay persons; but did not, therefore, think the rite of little importance. On the contrary, he considered that when it could be administered by a clergyman, it should never be omitted. He added that, when in Scotland, he argued so far in favour of giving greater weight to the Sacrament that a pert minister asked him: "If he thought baptism so necessary that if it were omitted the child would be damned?" He answered, "No, but if you being called to baptize the child, though privately, should refuse to come, I think you shall be damned." Various objections were taken by the Puritans to the Prayer Book. The Conference ended in a few explanations in the Rubric being agreed to, and the new translation of the Bible being ordered. We read that the King was greatly admired by the Lords for the quickness of his apprehension,

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his skill in controversy, and his dexterity in disentangling difficulties. In a speech made in Parliament, in 1604, the King said that the Puritans did not differ from the Established Church so much in doctrine as in policy, and that he owns the Roman Communion as the Mother Church, though disfigured with some errors and blemishes. But, although not unfriendly to the Church of Rome, he warns them not to suppose that he can connive at the spreading of their religion in its present form.

Notwithstanding this moderation in the King's views, the Gunpowder Plot was formed soon afterwards, and Paul V. forbade Roman Catholics to take the oath of allegiance.

King James being thus immersed in religious disputations into which he entered warmly both in speaking and writing, founded, in the year 1609, a College at Chelsea, which, from its character, was sometimes called "Controversy College." The statute for this establishment sets forth,

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" that his Majesty for defence of true religion now established within this realm of England, and for the refuting of errors and heresies repugnant unto the same, hath been graciously pleased by his Letters Patent, under the Great Seal of England, to found a College at Chelsea, near London, and therein to place certain learned Divines, and to incorporate the same by the name of the Provost and Fellows of the College of King James, in Chelsea near London, of the foundation of the same James, King of England, and hath of his most gracious bounty and goodness, not only endowed the same with certain lands, privileges and immunities, but hath also, for their further maintenance and sustentation, given unto them a capacity and ability to receive and take from his Majesty, or any of his loving subjects, any lands, tenements, hereditaments, gifts, benefices and profits whatsoever, not exceeding, in the whole, the yearly value of three thousand pounds, as

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in and by the said Letters Patent doth more at large appear."[1] The King laid the first stone, and Parliament, which met at Westminster, July 19, 1609, and sat till July 3, 1610, did nothing of more importance than the making an Act to enable the Fellows and Provost of Chelsea College to dig a trench out of the River Lee, at Lockbridge, Hackney, to erect engines, waterworks, &c., to convey and carry water in close pipes underground into the City of London and the suburbs thereof, for the perpetual maintenance and sustentation of the said Provost and Fellows, and their successors, by the rent to be made of the said water so conveyed.

Fuller tells us that this College was intended for a spiritual garrison, with a

[1] In a book published in 1645, to show the reasons that moved King James to erect a college of Divines and learned men at Chelsea, it is asked: "Can God's honour stand with the superstition, heresy, idolatry and blasphemy of Papists, prophanesse of Atheists, fanatical doctrine of schismaticks and idle novelists."

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magazine of all books for that purpose, where learned Divines should study and write in maintenance of all controversies against the Papists; and Stow speaks to the same effect. But of the establishment, which consisted of a Provost and seventeen Fellows, the first Provost was Sutcliffe,[1] and one of the principal Fellows was John Overall, Dean of St. Paul's. Sutcliffe was selected for his controversial ability. He was a rigid anti-remonstrant, and when old became morose and testy in his writings against schismatics; "an infirmity," adds Fuller, "which all ingenuous people will pardon in him that hope and desire to attain old age themselves."

But he dealt his blows impartially on both sides. Beza called him "rather a peevish reproacher than a Christian disputer," and in a conflict with Job Throckmorton, the same man who wrote "Throckmorton's Ghost,"

[1] He received his first education at Christ's Hospital, which was founded the year after his birth by Edward VI.

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Sutcliffe says that, "if his adversary's letter had not been addressed to a pitiful woman, it had, without question, gone into the pantry, where it might have done good service to keep pepper in, being itself of a pretty biting quality." He adds, that Throckmorton "must appear at the Bench, not the ale bench, and be tried by XII men, not one woman."

Overall was remarkable for his opposition to the Supra-lapsarians, *i. e.*, those who wished to take a narrow view of Predestination. He constantly combated the doctrine of Election and Reprobation as taught by the severer Puritans, and spoke in the Hampton Court Conference against the notion that a man once justified must be saved, even though he die in unrepented sin. He was one of the translators of the Bible, *i. e.*, from Joshua to Chronicles, and added to the Church Catechism the portion relating to the Sacraments.

Two historians were added to the mem-

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bers of this college, not merely to register the occurrences of the times, but rather to give such historical information from time to time as might tend to elucidate religious questions. One of these was the celebrated Camden, author of the "Britannia," who had devoted his life, as far as his duties would allow, to travelling over England in search of antiquarian information. The great Lord Burleigh had appreciated and supported him, and suggested his undertaking his valuable history of Elizabeth's reign. Camden was a strong Protestant, and continued in favour with James, who employed him to translate into Latin the whole account of the trial of the Conspirators in the Gunpowder Plot. We are not, therefore, surprised that he was now appointed one of the two historians at Chelsea, but as the promotion proved to be merely honorary, it was fortunate that he still kept his office of Clarencieux King-at-arms in the Herald's College. It would seem probable from a document at Oxford that Camden's old friend, Sir Henry

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Spelman, the author of the celebrated "Glossary on English Law," and of other antiquarian works, was also a member of this college.

Why Chelsea was chosen to be the site of this establishment does not clearly appear, but perhaps it was thought desirable to to have the college near London and the royal palaces, as we find Hampton Court was chosen for the Church Conference.[1] Six acres were obtained for it, at a rent of seven pounds ten shillings, from old Admiral Howard, Earl of Nottingham, who had an unexpired lease of the land from the crown. The King gave to the College at a small rent the reversion of this, and of twenty-two adjoining acres;[2] he also sent some of the

[1] In the book of "Reasons" it is said that the locality was chosen because it was thought more fit "for receiving directions from superiors, consulting with men of the best experience, obtaining intelligence from foreign parts, printing books, &c., and to obtain the favour of the State and City."

[2] This land seems to have come to the Crown when

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fine oaks of Windsor Forest for the woodwork. The projected building, of which views remain, was large, consisting of two quadrangles with towers at the corners, and with a piazza or cloister running round the smaller court; but only an eighth, *i.e.*, the southern side of the larger quadrangle, was ever finished. This portion cost three thousand pounds—nearly all of which money was provided by Sutcliffe. It faced the road from London to Chelsea, having a five acre field in front, and was a brick building one hundred and thirty feet long and thirty-three broad, containing on the ground floor a kitchen, two butteries, two larders, a hall, and two large parlours; on the first floor were four "fair chambers," two with-drawing rooms, and four closets; the same on the next floor; and on the third a very large gallery having at each end a little room with turrets, covered with slate. The gardens and outhouses were surrounded with a brick wall;

Henry VIII. purchased the manor. The Abbey had no property in Chelsea on the Dissolution.

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and an avenue of elms led towards the river at the back.

Various causes have been assigned for the failure of this college. Some think that Archbishop Bancroft was the chief promoter of it, and that his death in 1610 proved fatal to the work; he left by his will in 1610 a "study of books" to it, if it should be erected in six years. Stow speaks of the death of Prince Henry in 1612 as having acted prejudicially, but if the project depended upon the lives of one or two persons, it must have contained the seeds of decay. Fuller says it failed because King James merely countenanced it, and gave it no substantial support, and also because "the original means of the college was founded on the fluid and unconstant element—unstable as water." No doubt if the establishment could have kept a monopoly of supplying London with water, it would have lasted much longer; but its character would probably have been changed, as few felt an interest in the

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objects for which it was established. There was nothing attractive in keeping alive controversy, and hopes of pecuniary support failed when the water scheme was superseded by that of Sir Hugh Middleton. The whole affair soon became a laughing stock, and the Papists gave the building the name of an alehouse. Among the eccentric expedients by which James sought to support his hobby, was that of reviving a poll-tax to be paid on taking the oath of Allegiance and Supremacy, "which shall yearly be enforced as a safeguard against Popery." In 1616 the King wrote to the bishops to urge the clergy to contribute, and Archbishop Abbot sent with it a letter of his own to the following effect:—

"Now because it is so pious and religious a work, conducing both to God's glory, and the saving of many a soul within this kingdom, I cannot but wish that all devout and well-affected persons should by yourself and the preachers of your diocese, as well

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publicly as otherwise, be excited to contribute in some measure to so holy an intendment now well begun. And although these and the like motions have been frequent in these later times, yet let not those whom God hath blessed with any wealth be weary of well-doing, that it may not be said that the idolatrous and superstitious Papists be more forward to advance their falsehoods than we are to maintain God's truth. Whatsoever is collected, I pray your lordship may be carefully brought unto me, partly that it pass not through any defrauding hand, and partly that his Majesty may be acquainted what is done in this behalf.

"Your lordship, &c."

But very little money was ever received from these appeals. Fuller writes—"If (as is vehemently suspected) any of these collections be but detained by private persons, I conceive it no trespass against Christian charity to wish that the pockets

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which keep such money, may rot all such suits as wear them."

The Provost Sutcliffe struggled bravely to support his College. Although he had a daughter and grandchildren, he bequeathed to it four farms in Devonshire of the annual value of three hundred pounds, an "extent" against the estate of Sir Lewis Stukeley for four thousand pounds, and a share in the "Great Neptune," a vessel of Whitby.[1] But, as we read, "he was deserted, Uriah-like, and left to fight alone," and it is

[1] The extent of three thousand or four thousand pounds on Stukeley's lands proved of little value, as there was a prior charge upon them, and the repairs on the 'Great Neptune' swallowed up the profits. The lands led to law-suits, and were made over to Sutcliffe's family, only one farm remaining. Sutcliffe had expended money on the 'Great Neptune,' which was sold by Sir Ferdinando Gorge and the executors of Dr. Gough to the Earl of Warwick. In 6th of Charles I., the farm in Stokes Rivers, called Komerland, was all that remained, valued thirty-four pounds per annum, for the sustentation of the College, and most of that went to repair the homestead.—*Tanner's MSS.*

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only surprising that so much was accomplished by one man. Sutcliffe, and a certain number of the fellows, seem to have resided here, at least, occasionally, and it appears that it was the custom to allot an apartment to each member of the corporation upon his election. In his will, Sutcliffe speaks strongly against the superstitious idolatry and tyranny of the Pope, saying this College was founded to oppose them, and also those "Pelagianizing Arminians who draw towards Popery and Babylonian Slavery." He leaves to the provost, fellows, and students, "the books, household stuff, and such things as he has in Chelsea College," and the choice of his books in his study at Exeter, up to the value of thirty pounds.

Dr. Goodman, Dean of Westminster, a friend of Camden, intended to have left his library to the College, but eventually gave it to Trinity College, Cambridge. It is worth notice that he was removed from the See of Gloucester for his Popish proclivities.

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In 1630, as the design seemed to have failed, three of the farms bequeathed by Dr. Sutcliffe were returned to his heirs. But when, in 1636, Sir Francis Kynaston, Regent of the Museum of Minerva—an institution for the promotion of art and science—wished to remove his Academy to Chelsea College,[1] on account of the plague being in London, we find Dr. Featley, the next Provost, objecting, and stating that there was "a public library in the College containing hundreds of books unchained, besides an upper room in which the patents and muniments were kept, and apartments of two of the fellows filled with stuff and books." This Featley was so celebrated a controversialist that he was called "acutissimus." He disputed at Oxford with Dr. Prideaux, and thus came to be noticed by the Archbishop of Spalatro, who was present, and at that time Master of the Savoy.

[1] It appeared that Sir Francis Kynaston intended to keep possession of the College if he entered it, under cover of the doubtful right of tenure.

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As the Archbishop was afterwards one of the fellows of Chelsea College, he probably assisted in raising Featley, who was Chaplain to the Archbishop of Canterbury, to the Provostship. Featley was a stanch Protestant, rather Calvinistic in his views, but owing to his being a clergyman of the Established Church, he was cruelly treated in the rebellion. The soldiers entered his church at Acton, in 1642, broke the windows, pulled down the altar rails and font, and burnt his barn and stables. Afterwards they rushed into his church at Lambeth during service, with pistols and drawn swords, and killed two of the congregation, saying that "if they could get at the Doctor, they wouid 'chop the rogue' as small as herbs to the pot, for suffering pottage (*i.e.*, the Book of Common Prayer) to be read in his church." Others said they would "squeeze the Pope out of him."[1]

He was dispossessed of his livings, and his library was given to John White, who

[1] Walker's "Sufferings of the Clergy."

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succeeded him at Lambeth. This champion of the Protestant cause continued in durance from September, 1643, till the beginning of March, 1644, when, being in a very weak condition, an application was made to Parliament that he might go to Chelsea College for six weeks, and it is remarkable that he died on the very day his six weeks expired. He evidently remembered Chelsea as a peaceful and health-giving place of retirement, and during the plague he had brought his wife and family to live in the College.

Marcus Antonius de Dominis was connected with the family of Gregory X., but in 1616 resigned the Archbishopric of Spalatro, in Dalmatia, and came to England. As his object was to preach and publish works against the Roman Church and Council of Trent, he was warmly welcomed by the clergy in this country. He was feasted wherever he went; the University addressed him "as though he himself were an University;" and King James sent him a silver basin and cup, with which De

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Dominis said he would "wash off the filth of Rome and drink to Evangelical purity." To these ornamental gifts something substantial was added; he was made Master of the Savoy, Dean of Windsor, and Rector of a living in Berkshire. A man of ability and a powerful preacher, he lost nothing by his handsome countenance, his long grey beard, and tall, stately figure. But like many other notable men he had a fatal weakness. Some misunderstanding with the Pope on the subject of money led to his leaving Spalatro, and even his admirers in this country had to chide him for his sordid exactions. When some unpleasantness had thus arisen, he one day made a jest at the expense of the Spanish Ambassador, and the ruffled dignitary resolved upon a diplomatic revenge. He betook himself to James, and asserted that De Dominis was an impostor, and in heart not a Protestant but a Romanist, adding, that with the King's leave he would prove it. Accordingly he wrote to the King of Spain to ask for

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pardon from the Pope for De Dominis, and forthwith Gregory XV. informed the offending brother that he might return without fear, and that he would make him Bishop of Salerno and a Cardinal. The bait took; De Dominis, after trying in vain to obtain the Archbishopric of York, changed front, and, according to Roman Catholic writers, mounted the pulpit in London and abjured his heresies, for which performance he was ordered to quit the King's dominions within three days. At Rome he did not obtain the preferment he expected, and becoming indiscreet in his language, was thrown into prison in the Castle of St. Angelo, where he died the same year—possibly from natural causes—but his body and books were burnt together, by the Inquisition, in the Field of Flora.

He wrote a book on telescopes and optics. Fuller says:—"Such a crooked stick, which had bowed all waies, was adjudged unfit to make a beam or rafter either in Popish or Protestant Church."

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Dr. Slater, or Slaughter, one of the above mentioned fellows, who had the "stuff and books" in the College, was appointed to succeed Featley, but he seems only to have held the office for a year. Elections continued to be regularly made to the foundation by the heads of Colleges in the Universities, subject to the approval of the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and the Chancellors of Oxford and Cambridge.

During the Civil War most of the fellows ceased to reside here, and perhaps intentionally avoided the place. We can easily suppose that the Puritans would feel but little affection for an institution which was partly intended to oppose dissent, and of which the principals had generally inclined to the High Church party. In this sense we must understand their saying of Dr. Samuel Wilkinson, the fourth and last Provost, that he was "a man of very scandalous report." "At this present," Fuller writes of the College, "it hath but little case, and

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nothing of the jewel, for which it was intended; almost rotten before ripe, and ruinous before it was finished. It stands bleak, like a lodge in a garden of cucumbers, having plenty of pleasant water near it, and store of wholesome air about it, but very little of the necessary element of earth belonging to it."

Nothing now remains of the panelled walls, or of the floors of Windsor oak, which great and learned men trod; nor of those towers whence could be seen the silvery course of the Thames, and the gardens of the palace and the neighbouring mansions. Underneath the house of the chaplain in Chelsea Hospital are two low arched rooms, eighteen feet by twelve, and eight in height, the brickwork of which, being upwards of three feet in thickness, is entirely different from that in any other part of the Hospital. These were probably part of the basement floor of the College, and formed some of the offices in the usual "half storey" underneath; the site

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favours this supposition, and much brick-work has been found under the grass in the garden.

Wilkinson was Rector of Chelsea for thirty-seven years, and seems to have been an excellent man, though perhaps, in one sense, rather too fond of books. He was on intimate terms with the Countess of Nottingham, the widow of the Admiral, who was accustomed to lend him valuable works, such as those of Aquinas, Augustine, Ambrose, Jerome, &c. These were afterwards demanded back by her husband, but Wilkinson kept them, saying that she wished them to be handed down to the successive Rectors of Chelsea. We afterwards find that the library of the College had mysteriously disappeared, and none of the above mentioned books are now to be found in the Rectory. It was probably owing to his clerical connection with the neighbourhood that Wilkinson was chosen Provost, for the original design of the foundation had been already abandoned.[1]

[1] He claimed an allowance of thirty pounds per annum

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The College was so little occupied by the fellows that Lord Monson took possession of a part of it in right of the lease his wife, Lady Nottingham, had originally from the Crown, and it became a question of dispute whether the housekeeper was acting for him or for the Corporation. Lord Monson retained this possession for some time, owing to the neglect of the Provost, and some promises he held out of benefactions. Meanwhile, one John Sutcliffe, a nephew of the first provost and a worthless spendthrift, applied, being in distressed circumstances, to be allowed to live in the college. Lord Monson admitted him, apparently with the sanction of the Provost, upon condition that he should sign a bond to Lord Monson and Sir John Danvers, promising to vacate the premises when required. Sutcliffe had no sooner obtained possession than he showed his disposition and his sense of his rights, by intruding himself into the fellows' rooms,

for resigning the College, but afterwards surrendered upon discretion.

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damaging the wainscoting, and making himself generally offensive. He was accordingly expelled by the Provost Wilkinson, who after much trouble and expense took possession of the College in the name of the Corporation, and we afterwards find Sutcliffe petitioning the Courts to be allowed to return to "his college." He wished to pull down the building—thinking that he had a claim to the materials, and he nearly succeeded in getting a decision in his favour.

Lord Monson[1] in the year 1647 commenced a suit against Wilkinson for possession of the College, which he seems to have already leased with certain lands to Lord Belhaven, in trust for the Duke of Hamilton —who probably cared little about retaining the College. The action seems to have failed, but during the Commonwealth the institution fell to decay, the building became dilapidated, and even the formality of appointing fellows was not observed, so that

[1] So ignorant was he about the College that he called Sutcliffe "Sucklyng."

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there were soon not sufficient to continue the Corporation. Perhaps the rent to the Crown was not paid—at any rate we find the place used by the Government in 1651 for the incarceration of Scotch prisoners.

The contemplation of the state of this College, when compared with the grand intentions of the foundation, led to an appeal being published by John Darley, B.D., in 1662, entitled—"The Glory of Chelsea College. Its original Progress and Design for preserving and establishing the Church of Christ in purity, for maintaining and defending the Protestant religion. How the design was approved and by what means obstructed. Addressed to Charles II." In this work the author says that Charles I. directed Laud to promote the design, and he draws the following picture of the state to which it had fallen. It had become "a cage of unclean beasts, a stable for horses, a resort of loose women, and not only a place petitioned to make leather guns in, but desired also as a

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palaestra for managing great horses, and for practising horsemanship." He might have added that some wanted to make it a pest house for Westminster.

After the Restoration, the nephew of Dr. Sutcliffe, the first Provost, put in his claim, and was about to have sold it, when the King gave it to the Royal Society. Although there were so many claimants, the property seems to have been of little value: and just about this time, 1667, Lord Belhaven and the Duke of Hamilton assigned over their interest in it to one Andrew Cole for ten shillings, "and divers other good causes and considerations."

Sir William Monson, Lord Castlemaine, does not appear to much more advantage in his connection with Chelsea than in his other affairs. He says that "the witnesses to his claims are beyond the seas," and we find him borrowing money from his tenants, just as his friend, Sir John Danvers, was constantly obtaining loans from the parish funds. Having been accessory to the murder of

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Charles I., he was degraded from his honours in 1661, and was sentenced to be drawn on a sledge from the Tower to Tyburn and back, and to remain a prisoner in the Tower all his life.

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CHAPTER XI.

Learned Societies—The Royal Society—Mixture of Philosophy and Credulity — Their Inquiries ridiculed—Eminent Members—Prince Rupert—Robert Boyle—Sir Christopher Wren—Evelyn proposes to build a Scientific College—His Charge of Prisoners in the College—Pecuniary Difficulties of the Royal Society—They obtain the College—Proposal to make it an Observatory—It is found to be dilapidated and useless.

THE sixteenth century was marked by that progress and development of intellect which led to the foundation of our learned societies. To Linacre, the tutor of More, and friend of Erasmus, was due the incorporation of the College of Physicians in 1518. He had studied at Rome, and graduated at Padua, and became physician to Henry VII., Henry VIII., and Edward

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VI. In 1648 Sir William Petty proposed to build a gymnasium for various branches of study, "so that there might not be so many unworthy fustian preachers in divinity, in the law so many pettyfoggers, in physic so many quacksalvers, and in country schools so many grammaticasters." In 1575 Sir Thomas Gresham bequeathed his mansion in Bishopgate Street to form an institution for the delivery of lectures. Professors were to reside here, and the accommodation appears to have been on a magnificent scale. We read of a great hall thirty-seven feet long, twenty wide, and twenty-five or thirty feet high; of a gallery one hundred and forty feet long, and a repository of curiosities ninety feet by eighteen. This establishment became the home of the Royal Society, which commenced about 1645 in a small association of learned men, mostly medical, who arranged to meet weekly at the 'Bull Head Tavern,' Cheapside. Boyle called them the "Invisible Society." In 1662 a patent of incorporation was granted—humor-

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ously said to have been the only wise act of Charles II.

Sir Robert Moray, a scientific and religious man, was the first President. He was made a Privy Councillor by Charles II., and through him the Society carried on communications with the King. Charles was generous to them in an unprofitable manner. He granted them lands in Ireland, for which nothing could be obtained, and sometimes sent them venison for their annual dinners. At the time of the incorporation Lord Brounker was President, a celebrated astronomer who held several high offices after the Restoration.

An amusing amount of credulity and superstition was mingled with the learning of these philosophers, who "began to knock at the door where truth was to be found." They were the successors of those merely theological scholars of whom King James I. was a good specimen, who found time amid his doctrinal studies to write a work on Demonology, in which he tells us that "spirits

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and ghosts were more commonly seen in the time of the Papists than since, because their errors made the devil treat them with greater familiarity."

The Hon. Robert Boyle believed strange things, and some other members of the Society had confidence in the virtue of May-dew gathered before sunrise, and were very industrious in collecting it. Sir Robert Moray, at the meeting at which he was elected President, sent in a paper stating that in Western Scotland he found little shells adhering to trees, and that they had within them little birds. He also presented to the Museum in a silver box some stones taken out of Lord Balcarres' heart, and a bottle of stag's tears. A solemn trial of divining by hazel rods was made, and had the good effect of showing that they possessed no supernatural powers.

Not only were the inquiries of the Royal Society regarded with disfavour by the Church, but occasionally the minute and puerile investigations in which some of the members

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engaged, became a tempting theme for the humorist, at a time when learning was but little valued by the public. Thus the author of "Hudibras," in his "Elephant in the Moon," makes the virtuosos of the Royal Society assemble to examine the moon—

> "To observe her country how 'twas planted
> With what she abounded most or wanted;
> And make the properest observations,
> For settling of new plantations,
> If the Society should incline
> T' attempt so glorious a design."

In the same spirit Ned Ward, in his "London Spy," describes Gresham College as "Wise-acre's-hall." He speaks of one of the inmates whose "countenance was mathematical, having so many lines and angles in his face as you shall find in Euclid's elements, and looked as if he had fed upon nothing but *Cursus Mathematicus* for a fortnight." The "Elaboratory Keeper's Apartment," he says, "contained Egyptian mummies, old musty skeletons, and other

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antiquated trumpery." In another room was an aviary—"The Society say that a feather of the Bird of Paradise carried about with you, is a security against temptation; for which reason they have pretty well picked it, to carry presents of it to their wives and daughters."

But these early inquirers—although at first incited by the hope of making marvellous discoveries, and such as would, in many cases, have been of little use—gradually progressed, lived down ridicule, and laid the foundations of Modern Science. The encouragement it gave to inoculation led Queen Caroline to beg six condemned criminals for experiment, and then to submit her own children to that operation.[1] "Through it," as Draper observes, "the Gregorian Calendar was introduced into England in 1752, against a violent religious

[1] Lady Wortley Montagu, who had seen the success of the operation in Constantinople, as well as Sir Hans Sloane, exercised influence with the Queen in favour of having the experiment tried.

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opposition. Some of its Fellows were pursued through the streets by an ignorant and infuriated mob, who believed it had robbed them of eleven days of their lives. It was found necessary to conceal the name of Father Walmesley—a learned Jesuit, who had taken deep interest in the matter—and Bradley happening to die during the commotion, it was declared that he had suffered a judgment from Heaven for his crime."

Two or three of the Fellows deserve here especial mention—the most important of whom, at the time, was Prince Rupert. His name is found inscribed with that of Charles II. and James II. within the crimson velvet and golden clasped Charter Book of the Society. Rupert, when there was a lull in the war between 1658 and 1662, devoted himself to philosophical pursuits. He invented a gunpowder of ten times the usual power, and improved the Naval Quadrant. Among other discoveries, he is said to have invented Mezzotinto, from having observed a remarkable discoloration pro-

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duced by a soldier in cleaning a rusty musket with a piece of rag. He has more just claim to be regarded as the improver of the art. The high tower in Windsor Castle was his principal laboratory, where he had forges, retorts and crucibles, and worked like a common mechanic. In the year 1660, some glass bubbles, afterwards known as "Rupert's drops," perhaps because first made in England by him, were sent to the Society by the King, through Sir Paul Neile. These drops resembled our toughened glass—they were pear-shaped, and could scarcely be broken upon an anvil; but, once cracked, the whole crumbled to pieces. Thus we read in Hudibras—

> "Honour is like that glassy bubble
> That finds philosophers such trouble,
> Whose least part cracked, the whole doth fly,
> And wits are cracked to find out why."

The Hon. Robert Boyle was a most learned and voluminous writer, and deserves

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a passing notice, as he had a house at Little Chelsea,[1] where his grand-nephew, the fourth Earl of Orrery was born.[2] Here he had a fine laboratory, and made a variety of chemical experiments. M. de Monconys, a French man of science, visited him here. "I went," he says, "after dinner with Mr. Oldenburg and my son, two miles from London in a coach for five shillings, to a village called Little Chelsea to see Mr. Boyle."[3] He proceeds to give an

[1] Little Chelsea was to the north of the village of Chelsea and bordered upon Brompton.

[2] A nobleman remarkable for industry and talent, called the great ornament of Christ Church by Dr. Aldrich, who says he was encouraged by him to publish his "Logic." He published an edition of the "Epistles of Phalaris," which involved him in a controversy with Bentley. The Orrery was named after him, by a friend who invented it.

[3] We have no clue to the house he inhabited here. Evelyn says of Boyle: "Glasses, potts, chymical and mathematical instruments, books and bundles of papers did so fill and crowd his bed-chamber, that there was but just room for a few chairs."

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account of several operations performed here, especially one of mixing salt with gold. "Mr. Boyle," he notes, "has an extremely good telescope, and two excellent microscopes, larger than mine." Evelyn also records in 1661, "I went with that excellent person and philosopher, Sir Robert Murray, to visit Mr. Boyle at Chelsea, and saw various effects of the Eolipile for weighing the air." Boyle was very much attached to his sister, Lady Ranelagh, whose death he only survived by a week. We may suppose that she and her son were often at Chelsea, and that thus the future Lord Ranelagh came to appreciate the advantages of the locality.

Another more celebrated member of the Royal Society was Sir Christopher Wren. During the first years of his connection with it, he was mostly remarkable for his proficiency in anatomy, and for originating the worse than useless experiments of injecting liquids into the veins of animals.

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In 1657, he was Professor of Astronomy in Gresham College, and in 1665 he went to Paris to study Architecture; his attention having been turned in that direction by his appointment to assist Sir John Denham in reporting upon St. Paul's Cathedral. He was President in 1681, and is said to have made fifty-three discoveries, and erected forty public buildings.

There was no greater admirer of that "miracle of a youth, Christopher Wren," than Evelyn, and it is from this less ambitious member that we glean some valuable information about Chelsea at this period. In his youth he had ridden, as a volunteer, in Prince Rupert's troop, and afterwards, from prudential motives, left England and travelled in Italy, where he sketched and collected information. He wrote in favour of the Restoration, was a man of property, and eventually came into possession of Wotton in Surrey; but the greater part of his life he lived at Sayes Court, his wife's place near Deptford, where he had splendid

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gardens. In detailing the damage done to them by a severe frost in 1683, he mentions a great variety of trees that grew there. He let this place at one time to Peter the Great, who wished to be near the Docks, and he afterwards bemoaned the injury his gardens suffered during the Emperor's occupancy.[1]

Among his contributions to the Royal Society was a History of Etching and Engraving. His Sylva, an account of forest trees, went through six editions, being greatly appreciated; and Sir Robert Southwell, in leaving the cares of State for the delicious retirement of King's Weston, said

[1] We read in a paper in the "Archæologia," dated 1691, "Mr. Evelyn has a pleasant villa at Deptford, a fine garden for walks and hedges (especially his holly one, which he writes of in his 'Sylva'), and a pretty little greenhouse with an indifferent stock in it. In his garden he has four large round philareas, smooth clipped, raised on a single stalk from the ground, a fashion now much used. Part of his garden is very woody and shady for walking; but his garden, not being walled, has little of the best fruits.

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that "he intended to devote his declining years to the study of Virgil's 'Georgics' and Evelyn on 'Trees.'" [1]

As early as 1659, Evelyn had conceived and communicated to Boyle some grand design for building a Scientific College. He writes, "I propose the purchasing of some thirty or forty acres of land in some healthy place, not above twenty-five miles from London, of which a good part shall be tall wood, and the rest upland pastures, or downs sweetly irrigated. We would erect upon the most convenient site of this, near the wood, our building, viz., one handsome pavillion, containing a refectory, library, with drawing rooms, and a closet; this the first storey; for we suppose the kitchen, larder, cellars, and offices to be contrived in the half storey underground. In the second should be a fair lodging chamber, a pallet

[1] He wrote other works, such as "The Gardeners' Almanack" and the "Fop's Dictionary." His wife was a daughter of Sir R. Browne, the English Minister in Paris.

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room, gallery, and a closet, all of which should be well and very nobly furnished." There was to be "a physick garden," a garden house, and a conservatory for tender plants. To set an example and give encouragement, he and his wife offered to take two apartments in the institution. Although this scheme was not carried out, Evelyn seems not to have abandoned his idea of a large mansion and garden.

In the autumn of 1664, on the breaking out of the Dutch War, he was appointed one of the four Commissioners for the care of the sick, wounded, and prisoners, and all the ports from Dover to Portsmouth fell to his share. He had little idea, when he first received this charge, of the labour and anxiety it would entail, or of the extent to which it would increase. The prisoners at one time amounted to twenty-five thousand, and we read of his being obliged to have a guard of four hundred men and a troop of horse to escort a detachment of them, while he had also to make provision for one

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thousand five hundred sick and wounded. The prisoners, of course, did all in their power to make his post onerous—gave him false accounts of their nationalities and social position, and most of them not only refused to work, but beat those who were inclined to be more tractable. Some also made attempts to escape, as for instance in 1665, out of Dover Castle, upon which occasion Evelyn begged the Duke of Albemarle to order them to be conveyed to Chelsea College, "and the rather that, there being no great number of them, it will be hardly worth the while and charge to maintain officers for them here and particular guards." This shows that there was safe custody then at Chelsea, and he speaks elsewhere of the marshal and sutler of that establishment.[1] In fact this place had been more

[1] We read in Evelyn's "Diary:"—"1665, February 8th, Ash Wednesday.—I visited our prisoners at Chelsey Colledge, and to examine how the Martial and Suttler behaved. These were prisoners taken in the war; they only complained that their bread was too fine.

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or less used as a prison for some fifteen years, and in 1653 there were one thousand three hundred and fifty prisoners—taken at the capture of twelve Dutch men-of-war—sent in barges to be kept in Chelsea College.[1] Two years later we find sums of money entered for burying Dutch captives.

Many of the prisoners at Chelsea were, it seems, put to work on the river. In 1667 Frenchmen were incarcerated there, and "one of them who attempted to escape was beaten and put in irons; while Nicholas Blondel, who was suspected of aiding him was sought for, was found in the pavilion of the prison, and resisted orders to come

1665, May 26th.—To treat with the Holland Ambassador at Chelsey for release of divers prisoners of war in Holland on exchange here. 1665, April 14th.—Order to the Commissioners of sick and wounded men to set at liberty divers Danes taken in the ship 'Reynard,' and detained in Chelsey College as Dutchmen. 1665, May 11th.—Order to the Commissioners of sick and wounded men to release certain Hamburgers detained prisoners in Chelsey Hospital."—*See* "Harleian MSS., 1509-44."

[1] "Mercurius Politicus."

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down, but came at length on the oath of the officers not to injure him—when they murdered him in spite of the persuasion of the gaoler."

No doubt the College was at this time a scene of the greatest misery. Evelyn's difficulties were increased tenfold by the constant deficiency of money. He says that the Commissioners are kept so short that they had to do wonders, and heal the sick and wounded by miracle. They are in debt, and it would require two thousand pounds a week to meet the expenses. The Dutch showed no anxiety to exchange; but seemed to wish to burden us with the expense of supporting their people. Evelyn's appeals became more and more piteous. "The prisoners' idleness make them sick, and their sickness redoubles the charge." Later he speaks of the wounded perishing like dogs in the street, and says all his servants and officials have left him. "Our prisoners beg of us, as a mercy, to knock them on the head, for we have no bread to

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relieve the dying creatures." "I beseech your honour (Sir W. Coventry, Secretary to the Duke of York), let us not be reputed barbarians, or if at last we must be so, let me not be the executor of so much inhumanity." It appears that a large number of the invalids were at this time quartered at inns in the town; for he says that some of the landlords, whose accounts were not paid, "threatened to expose the soldiers in the streets—where some have most inhospitably perished."

In 1664 the Royal Society being hard driven for want of funds, suggested that the King should be petitioned "for such lands as were left by the sea." It was also proposed that the petition should be for the Mastership of the Savoy, or for "such offices in the courts of justice and custom-house as were in his Majesty's gift." These requests not being granted, it occurred to Sir Robert Moray to ask for Chelsea College and its thirty acres.

As not only Evelyn, but also Cowley the

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poet, had suggested that a College should be founded—the latter proposing that the building should be two or three miles from London, near the river, should have three quadrangles, and cost annually four thousand pounds—we may well suppose that the original idea in acquiring the College was to make it a centre for the Association; but that when its position and dilapidated state came to be more fully recognised, the design was abandoned. The scheme seems to have been to have here a laboratory, museum, and "physic garden," and to let the remainder of the land. But pecuniary profit was the main object; great opposition was made to a clause in the grant prohibiting sale, and there was always some idea of building an institution in London.

On the 24th of September, 1667, Evelyn writes, "I had orders to deliver y^e^ possession of Chelsey Colledge (used as my prison during the war with Holland, for such as were sent from the Fleete to London), to

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our Society, as a gift of his Majesty our founder."

The grant seems to have been delayed owing to the claims of Sutcliffe (the nephew of the Provost), and of Andrew Cole—each of whom the Society had to propitiate with one hundred pounds. Eventually, it was found of as little use to the Society as the other gifts of Charles, and they continued to meet at Arundel House or Gresham College.[1] The maintenance of the building cost more than it was worth, and Evelyn suggested that it should be again let for a prison at one hundred pounds a year, while another of the members offered to under-

[1] Gresham College was destroyed in 1767 by an Act of Parliament, to erect the Excise Office. The trustees and guardians of the property agreed to take five hundred pounds a year for the building, and to pay one thousand eight hundred pounds for pulling it down. "Am I wrong in asserting," asks Professor Taylor, "that this transaction has no parallel in any civilised country?" A poetical satire was written at the time, entitled "Gresham's Ghost," with the motto, "Is this house, which I have called by my name, become a den of robbers!"

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take the management of it, and said he "would plant the ground with all sorts of choice vegetables, exotic and domestic, and would repair the house at his own charges, only expecting to be perpetual steward of that place."

But neither of these proposals was carried out, and others fell through, the Society being somewhat exacting in their conditions, and the building much out of repair. When they first took possession of it the roof was in danger of falling in, and money had to be expended to make rooms habitable for a gardener and his wife. By 1673 the state was so much worse that the Society contemplated pulling down the College; five years later the tiles and timbers of the roof were stored to prevent spoliation, and whereas in 1675 four hundred pounds would have sufficed for repairs, in 1680 two thousand pounds was considered requisite for the purpose. Everything was now neglected, and we read that a caitiff called "the man of the Pie"[1] at

[1] Magpie?

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Chelsea, was making gravel pits in a part of the grounds. We have already mentioned Prince Rupert's manufacture of glass drops, and it would seem that he established glass works contiguous to the College, probably on ground belonging to the Society, which they could not well refuse him. We read in the Council minutes of 1774 that the President, Sir R. Southwell, and Mr. Pepys were desired to make application to Prince Rupert concerning the mischief which his glass house does to Chelsea College, and suggest to his Highness, "that perhaps he could put it and the land to some good use —if he pleases to take it, and consider the Society for it." Sir Jonas Moore was deputed to write a letter to the Prince to say that the house and lands of Chelsea College might have been well disposed of for the benefit of the Society, if it had not been for the annoyance of the neighbouring glass-house.

This letter was supported by remonstrances from Sir R. Southwell and Pepys, who

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seem to have had little respect for the Prince's vitreous operations.

Meanwhile the old college, or rather its site, was within a little of acquiring European renown. A similar offer to that just mentioned emanated from Sir Jonas Moore, a celebrated mathematician. He was much interested in Flamsteed, a young rising man.[1] We find by a letter from Moore to him that it had been in his mind to fit up a house at Chelsea (*i.e.* the College) as a private observatory, and to appoint Flamsteed to the care of it. A minute in a book of the Council of the Royal Society says:—

"October 19th, 1774.—Mr. Hooke acquainted the Council that Sir Jonas Moore had been with him at Chelsea College, and made an overture of engaging a gardener

[1] It is characteristic of the age that in his youth the studious Flamsteed being weak and suffering in his joints, went to Cappoquin, in Ireland, to try the efficacy of "Greatrakes, the Stroker." He became better, but says "he is not quite certain whether his improvement was due to strokes or not."

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(a sufficient man) to take a lease of the house and land about it, allowing withal to the Society a power to make hortulan experiments there; as also to build an astronomical observatory, which latter the said Sir J. Moore would undertake to do at his own charge to the value of one hundred and fifty or two hundred pounds."

Two of the places proposed to the King for the site of the Royal Observatory were Hyde Park and Chelsea College. Flamsteed writes:—"I went to view the ruins of this latter, and judged that it might serve the turn better, because nearer the Court." Greenwich was selected instead of Chelsea by Sir Christopher Wren, who possibly, even at that time, entertained some other plan for utilizing the College. Flamsteed was appointed first "observator," mainly upon the suggestion of Moore, who had now relinquished his original design.

For about fourteen years this dilapidated building was a burden and loss to the Royal Society. In 1678, at a meeting of the

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Council, at which Sir Christopher Wren, the President, was in the chair, an account was ordered to be drawn up "of the charge and expense that Chelsea College has cost this Society, and that the same be delivered to the President, in order to shew the same to His Majesty." The further directions given were:—"That the Committee formerly appointed to consider the present state of Chelsea College, be desired to consider of what is reasonable to be given for recompense to the person that hath taken some care of the materials of the same; and that Sir Christopher Wren and Mr. Hooke be desired to view the house, and consider of what is best to be done to the same."

Such an order as the above may well have resulted from some proposition made on the part of Wren. It appears, also, that he was to negotiate with Charles, and it is not probable that he would merely propose to throw a burden on the King, he would, no doubt, be prepared with some proposition.

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CHAPTER XII.

Deplorable Condition of Disabled Soldiers—Letter to the King from a Lady on the State of the Life Guards—Sir Stephen Fox's arrangement—His Origin and Progress—Nell Gwynne.

THERE can be little doubt that the dissolution of the conventual institutions of England, though prompted by resentment and cupidity, was a great benefit to the country at large. The exactions and immorality of the friars tended to bring not only the parish clergy, but even religion itself, into disrepute. But the money which the monks drained from the public, although partly used by themselves, also found its way in small rivulets to the destitute classes of society. At the portals of some mo-

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nasteries bread and ale were offered to all wayfarers, and even accommodation for the night, and thus, among others, many a disabled soldier found rest and refreshment. Upon the Dissolution these advantages ceased, and the richer classes were importuned for alms to such an extent that the poor laws had to be introduced. The roads were beset by men, not a few of whom had fought their country's battles, and were now, after losing limbs, or being otherwise incapacitated, left to starve on the roadside. Prior to their disbandment they were supported by the resources of the army, and some soldiers had afterwards allowances given them by colleges, while others were placed in hospitals, or in the alms-rooms in cathedral towns, but the greater number were destitute, and classed with rogues and vagabonds.

The evil seems to have increased after the conflict with the Spanish Armada in 1588, and after the expedition sent to assist Henry IV. of France and the Protestant

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cause in 1592, and thus we find that the statutory act for the support of those who had suffered in Her Majesty's service dates from 1593, and was to extend to those who had been disabled since March, 1588. For the immediate exigency a remarkable order was made in the House of Lords, that a contribution should be paid of forty shillings by archbishops, marquesses, earls, and viscounts, thirty shillings by bishops, and twenty shillings by barons. For more permanent relief, it was enacted that weekly rates should be levied on parishes; but soon contests arose as to what districts the soldiers belonged to, and about the truth of their stories, and they were sent backwards and forwards until their wretched state became a scandal to the country, "troubling the Queen when she takes the air." An act was passed towards the end of Elizabeth's reign, making the local rates chargeable to the large amount of tenpence in the pound weekly. The treatment of disabled soldiers after this time may be

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imagined from such representations as the following being entered in the "Domestic State Papers for 1620:"—

"Information by William Buckley, of Atherstone, that on the 23rd of October, Hugh Drayton reviled the King in his drink for non-payment of his pension of sixteen pounds a year; indorsed with note that he is penitent, and is to be whipped or otherwise corrected by order of the Justices of Assize. Testimony from Richard Goodall that Drayton is occasionally *non compos mentis* from wounds in the wars, in which he was a forward soldier."

In 1633, "Petition of John Hill. He served Frederick, late King of Denmark, when the King's mother, Queen Anne, was but twelve years of age. The King, in regard to his being eighty-two years old and very poor, granted him a beadman's place at Gloucester, which took no effect, having been granted to another before."

The Parliament in the Civil War changed the burden from the parishes to the national

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funds, and we find moneys employed for this purpose from the excise and from sequestrated properties.[1] Upon the Restoration, an attempt was made to re-impose the heavy burden on the local rates, but it met with great opposition and was soon abandoned. Little could be expected for the incapacitated soldiers at a time when no proper care was taken even for those on service. The pay of the army was sometimes considerably in arrear.

A letter from a lady to be found among the "Domestic State Papers" gives a lively description of the exactions of the tax-gatherer and the miseries of the army at this period. It was enclosed to Major Millar at the Cock-pit, with the request, "to deliver this enclosed to the King with speed, for it conscernes his life; noe more, but desirs His Majesty to let things be well ward."

It commences with true female energy:—

[1] The Savoy and Ely House were at this time used as hospitals for soldiers.

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"My Lord and gratious King,

"I am extremly grived to heare the sad condishion this Kingdom is now in. I know not whether Yo^r Majesty may be sensible of so much as you may gather out of this. All people in a desperate condishion; housekeepers are soe oprest with taxes they dar not leeve theire dores open but the taxgatherers carry away, if they have a bed to ly one, or a dish, or the like. This makes a great crie amunst the comon people; they curs the King and wish for Crumwell; they say the divell cannot be worse than this, as good take away thayer lives as livlyhod, com Dush, com divell, it cannot be worse; soe that of the comon people, where there is one to be raised to fight for the King, there is ten will go to fight against him, and for the jentry, Yo^r Majesty cannot name tene emminent persons that they will folowe."

Speaking especially of the short payment of the "Gard," in terms which might lead us to conclude that she had some relatives,

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or perhaps a husband in that corps, she observes:—

"Out of the money which you allow them is a generall deduction, first to y^e^ capt, then to y^e^ clark, w^ch^ helps to cheat the whole troup. . . . You have raised a great dell of money for y^e^ relife of y^e^ injedent oficers, but you never caused them to have it, w^ch^ causeth a great heart-burning, and what say most people, who would be a sould^r^? he ventures his life and fortune for nothing but blowe; for if he expends his estate and limbs he may perish for want, as many have don senc you came to y^r^ own. . . . . They cannot pay for diet and other convenence, for the paymaster will keep them alwais too month in areares, and when they ar paid, there is such deductions mad, they pretend Yo^r^ Majesty doth not alow them to be paid but one in half a yeare, soe that when they receve two month pay they ar forced to alow what intrest the clark will demand."

She adds that, owing to the state they

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were in, it was counted a great scandal to be a Life-Guardsman.

Having in the commencement thus endeavoured to gain her end by the justice of her cause, it is amusing to find her finishing with inducements of a very different character:—

"If you did obledg your people in these agreivancis, it is possible they would excus your faults the more, but none of your courtliers will tell you how extremly you have lost your selfe in the whole nation, for they say, give the King the Countas of Castel[mai] and he cars not what the nation sufere. I believe Yo[r] Maj'ty's Gard will be of tinkers and coblers ere long. You *may* hackney coachmen now in the Gard, and indeed none but such will come in; for lett a man be never so stut or well borne, or great a sufferer, and have not money to give the oficers, he shall not come there, which is a very great sham."

But notwithstanding the existence of the

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evils of which this letter, written in 1666, justly complains, an improvement had taken place, since the Restoration, in the payment of the army, and a great measure of relief was soon about to follow by the foundation of Chelsea Hospital, and the allowance of pensions.

A regular army was established by Charles II., and Sir Stephen Fox was appointed, in 1661, the first Paymaster-General. He found the army in great suffering, owing to the long intervals which elapsed between the receipt of pay. The money seems to have been issued to them only twice, or, at most, only three times a year, and as they were not at first paid in advance, they generally became involved in debt soon after entering the service, and their allowance being paid in large sums, also led to momentary extravagance, and subsequent distress. Fox, being an energetic man, saw a way by which he could, at once, both lessen this evil, and also materially increase his own means. Being a man of

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credit, he advanced to the soldiers their pay weekly, deducting a shilling in the pound for the accommodation. As the arrangement was in force for eighteen years from 1662, we may suppose that he amassed a large fortune—stated at £200,000. There was something original and plausible in this contrivance, and to secure his profits he even induced the King to agree to pay him regularly three times a year, or, in default, to allow interest at the rate of eight per cent per annum. No wonder that at the time this scheme was regarded as a kind of legerdemain, or, as Pepys calls it, "a mystery." What he actually gained, it is difficult to state; but as the King was to allow him eight per cent in case of delay, it is improbable that he gave for money more than that rate. Thus, if he were paid regularly three times a year, he received fifteen per cent per annum by his deductions, and did not nett less than seven per cent annually on the pay of about £130,000. Pepys makes his gross gains for fifteen

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months amount to about twelve per cent.[1]

Fox was originally a poor boy in the choir at Salisbury, and afterwards waited on Lord Percy, who procured for him an inferior place among the "clerks of the kitchen." Recommended to Charles II. during his exile, he sent him intelligence of Cromwell's death, which his Majesty received while playing at tennis with the Archduke Leopold and Don Juan, six hours before the official announcement arrived. He was instrumental in bringing back the King; and, at the Restoration, was made Cofferer to the Board

[1] Different views may be entertained with regard to this transaction and its after-bearings. It may be said that, although the soldier's pay was a certain sum, he could not demand it until the end of the year, and that if he wanted it weekly he must submit to a deduction. But still the discount charged was exorbitant. It may be questioned whether, when the pay of the Army was raised, we should regard this deduction as at an end, or whether the increase of pay was merely owing to the rise in the price of provisions.—A valuable statistical work has been compiled for the Hospital by Major-General Hutt and Mr. Burne.

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of Green Cloth—a Council exercising jurisdiction in offences committed within the palaces. In 1665 he was knighted, and made a Lord of the Treasury. He was pre-eminently a man of business, and living in times when the Exchequer was in difficulties, and officers sometimes went four years unpaid, he was able to sell land bringing him three per cent, and lend the proceeds for ten per cent. When Pepys employed two porters to carry £1000 of Government money to Lord Sandwich from Fox, he found that a demand of sixpence in the pound was made as a perquisite by the latter. The same shrewdness was exhibited in the bargain he struck for Chelsea College. The Royal Society named £1500 as the price, and £1400 as the minimum, and, at last, accepted from him £1300 ready money. But we read that he was always humble and ready to do a kindness, "generous, of a sweet nature, well-spoken and well-bred." His wife was "a very fine lady and mother of fine children." He lived

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in considerable style. After failing to come to terms for the Countess of Bristol's house at Chelsea in 1679, he built a mansion at Chiswick in 1682, near Lord Burlington's. The gardens were laid out by Evelyn, and the staircase was painted by Verrio—a specimen of whose beautiful work can still be seen in the Hospital. His entertainments were proportionally grand:

27th October, 1685, Evelyn writes:

"I was invited to dine at Sir Stephen Fox's with my Lord Lieutenant, where was such a dinner for variety of all things as I had seldom seen, and it was so far the trial of a master-cook, whom Sir Stephen had recommended to go with his Lordship into Ireland; there were all the dainties, not only of the season, but of what art could add, venison, plain solid meat, fowl, baked and boiled meats, banquet (dessert) in exceeding plenty, and exquisitely dressed. There also dined my Lord Ossory and Lady[1]—

[1] The Duke of Beaufort had lately come to reside at Chelsea. Lady Sunderland was very anxious to marry

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(the Duke of Beaufort's daughter), my Lady Treasurer, Lord Cornbury, and other visitors."

He led Queen Anne in procession at her Coronation, and lived to be eighty-nine, having married a second time when he was seventy-five, and had two sons, one of whom became Lord Ilchester, and the other Lord Holland.

The honour of having suggested the establishment of the Royal Hospital has been attributed to more than one person. Tradition assigns it to Nell Gwynne, perhaps because she was connected with Chelsea, and was popular with the poorer classes,

her spendthrift son, Lord Spencer, to Mrs. Jane, Sir Stephen's daughter, and begged Evelyn to use his influence in the matter. But Evelyn, knowing that she was likely to be rich, and that Lord Sunderland had squandered his fortune, was not inclined to forward the suit. At length he did mention the Countess's wishes, to which Sir Stephen replied that "his daughter, being only sixteen, could not yet think of such things, and that the wishes of the young people should be consulted." She married Lord Northampton.

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being one of themselves. We find that Mary Gwynne was married in this neighbourhood about this time, and that Nell's mother lived in a house by the Neat Houses[1] near Chelsea, the end of whose garden went down so abruptly to the water that she fell from it into the Thames and was drowned. Nell herself is said, on doubtful authority, to have occupied Sandford House, at Sandy End, the south-west point of Chelsea, where the rivulet divided the parishes.

It is also note-worthy that Nell Gwynne's son, the Duke of St. Albans, had afterwards a house in Paradise Row, and was Captain of the Band of Pensioners.[2] All

[1] The "Neat Houses" seem to have been some ornamental cottages with gardens going down to the river, near the site of the present Millbank. Stow calls them "a parcel of houses taken up by gardiners for planting of asparagus, melons, cucumbers, artichokes, cauliflowers, &c., which find good vent at London, and for which they are of note."

[2] Some of the strongest of the pensioners were formed into invalid companies, over whom a captain-general was

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these circumstances may have given colour to the story of the origin of the Hospital, which is thus well reproduced by Bryan :—

"The King was sitting in his chariot with poor Nell Gwynne, when, observing her unusually pensive, he asked,

"'What ails thee, Nell?'

"She replied: 'A dream I had last night troubleth me sore.'

"'What was thy dream, Nell?'

"'Methought I was in the fields at Chelsea, and slowly and majestically there rose before mine eyes a beautiful palace of a thousand chambers; and in and out thereat walked divers many old and worn out soldiermen. Some had lost a leg, some an arm, others were blind of one eye, many bore piteous scars of old wounds in the wars upon their wrinkled faces, and all of them were aged and past service. But none of them looked ill at ease, and as they went

appointed. In 1719 a whole regiment, the 41st, was thus formed. The system was abolished in 1803.

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out, and as they came in, the old men cried, God bless King Charles! and I awoke and was sore discomfited that it was only a dream.'

"'Cheer up, Nell,' said the King. 'Thy dream shall be fulfilled, mayhap thou shalt yet see old soldiers come in and go out crying, 'God bless King Charles!' The monarch did violence to his infirmity, and kept his word."

As the foundation of this romantic legend is unfortunately very weak, we are naturally led to inquire whether there is any person to whom historical evidence attributes the origination of this design, which Charles perhaps seconded the more readily as Louis XIV. had just founded the Hôtel Royal des Invalides at Paris. We may bring forward three names—Sir Christopher Wren, Sir Stephen Fox, and John Evelyn. Among these I think we need have no hesitation in giving the place of honour to the last mentioned. Evelyn had elaborated a plan for a scientific college as early as 1659, and,

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although this design was not destined to be carried out, his prolific mind was still full of schemes for organization and improvement. There was no one before whom the miseries of disabled soldiers were brought so forcibly as before himself, and no one who felt for them more deeply. We must also observe that Evelyn was fond of architectural designs. He had written a work on the subject, and was one of the Commissioners for the rebuilding of St. Paul's. After the Great Fire in London he sent the King a plan for the rebuilding of the City, but he says, "Dr. Wren had got the start of me." Their plans, however, in many respects coincided.

In 1666 we find Evelyn actually suggesting the establishment of an Infirmary for disabled soldiers and sending to Pepys, who was a clerk of the Admiralty, a plan of a large quadrangle to be built for the purpose at Chatham. In this he provides accommodation for four or five hundred beds, and points out in detail how great the

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saving would be, and how much better the men would be kept. He writes :—

"At sixpence per diem each (in the way of commons), the sick shall have as good and much more proper and wholesome diet than now they have in the alehouses, where they are fed with trash, and embezzle their money more to inflame themselves and retard and destroy their cures out of ignorance and intemperance."

The site of Chatham was not found desirable, but the plans, in respect of the number of inmates and some other matters, correspond with that finally adopted at Chelsea. Evelyn enters in his diary under the date of 1681 :

"Dined with Sir Stephen Fox, who proposed to me the purchasing of Chelsea College, which His Majesty had sometime since given to our Society, and would now purchase it again to build an hospital or infirmary for soldiers there, in which he desired my assistance as one of the Council of the Royal Society.

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"27th of January, 1682.—This evening Sir Stephen Fox acquainted me again with His Majesty's resolution of proceeding in the erection of a Royal hospital for emerited soldiers on the spot of ground which the Royal Society has sold to His Majesty for one thousand three hundred pounds, and that he would settle five thousand pounds per annum on it, and build to the value of twenty thousand pounds for the relief and reception of four companies, namely four hundred men to be as in a college or monastery. I was therefore desired by Sir Stephen (who had not only the whole managing of this, but was, as I perceived, himself to be a grand benefactor, as well it became him who had gotten so vast an estate by the soldiers), to assist him, and consult what method to cast it in as to the government. So in his study we arranged the governor, chaplain, steward, housekeeper, chirurgeon, cook, butler, gardener, porter, and other officers with their several salaries, and entertainments. I would needs

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have a library, and mentioned several books, since some soldiers might possibly be studious, when they were at leisure to recollect. Thus we made the first calculations, and set down our thoughts to be considered and digested better, to show His Majesty and the Archbishop. He also engaged me to consider of what laws and orders were fit for the government, which was to be in every respect as strict as any religious convent.

"25th of May, 1682.—I was desired by Sir Stephen Fox and Sir Christopher Wren to accompany them to Lambeth, with the plot and design of the College to be built at Chelsea, to have the Archbishop's approbation. It was a quadrangle of two hundred feet square, after the dimensions of the larger quadrangle of Christ Church, Oxford, for the accommodation of four hundred and forty persons, with governor and officers. This was agreed on."

END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.

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